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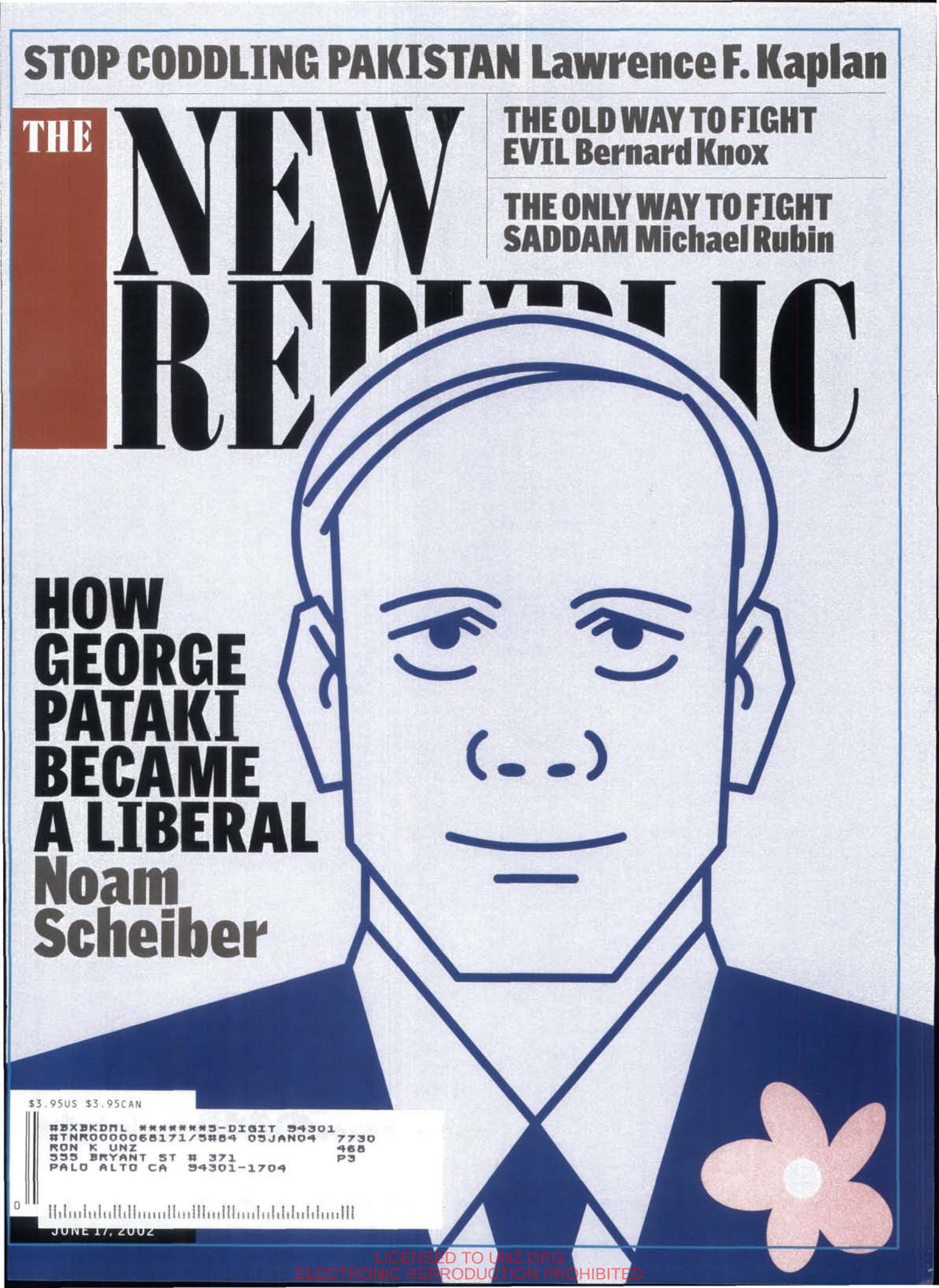

HOW GEORGE PATAKI BECAME A LIBERAL Noam Scheiber

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Where We Stand

A commentary on public education and other critical issues

Getting There

By SANDRA FELDMAN, President
American Federation of Teachers

It is hardly more than a decade since states, in response to many years of debate about how to improve public education, took a giant step forward: They began to raise their education standards and test students to see if they met the standards. These few years have set public education on a new and hopeful course, but not everybody is applauding. We've heard harsh criticisms about the standards and particularly about student testing, and it's important that we do not simply dismiss these criticisms. In the end, I think we will find that meeting them will not derail the standards movement; it will help keep us right on course.

When I look back to the days before standards, I remember a national system of education that was no system at all—with 50 states and 15,000 school districts, all doing their own thing. Children in districts where citizens demanded, and could pay for, excellence attended first-class schools where they were pushed to achieve. Kids in poor neighborhoods often had to be satisfied with much less—poor-quality curriculums taught from out-of-date textbooks, with lax standards to match. This nonsystem put many of our students at a disadvantage, but it hit poor children hardest. And because there was no requirement that we remedy the discrepancies in student achievement, it was easy simply to ignore them.

Excellence is not a pipe dream

Although we are far from ending those inequities, we have made progress. The blueprint for education based on common standards is not a pipe dream. It has worked and is working in many other industrialized nations. And there is widespread agreement about what goes into creating it. States need to develop a coordinated system, with standards that spell out what they want their students to learn, curriculums that are aligned with these standards, and tests to find out whether students have learned the material. Most important, they need to make sure that students who start at a disadvantage get help in catching up and that teachers are equipped with the materials and professional development they need to assist their students in making the grade. Creating a successful system requires a considerable investment, sometimes a rearrangement of spending priorities, and adequate longterm funding.

Achievement is rising, but we have tough challenges to overcome.

After a decade or more of work, much of the basic framework is in place. Almost every state has set standards, virtually all are testing students; and some states are beginning to see improvements in student achievement. But very few have developed curriculums—the road maps for teaching the standards—and few provide needed extra help to students and teachers. The biggest problems, though, are with the tests and the way they are used.

Some critics say that tests are never good. I don't believe that. But it is a mistake to deluge students with tests, and *any* test can be misused. The main purpose of testing should be to find out what students know and to inform teachers about students' instructional needs. Teaching to the test would not be a problem if the test were a good one, based on a rich curriculum (that, of course, reflects the standards). Some parents have complained that state tests narrow the curriculum or that children are spending too much time on mindless test preparation. This does not need to be.

If tests are good, the curriculum rich, and teachers are given results in a timely and useful way, a standards-based system will help raise achievement for all children, but especially for disadvantaged children.

Adequate funding is crucial

Standards reform is no quick fix, and it can't be done on the cheap. So we should not be surprised that we still have work to do. But as long as some parts of the system are starved and others, like tests, are used in ways that were never intended—and that harm learning instead of helping achievement—the standards reform will not live up to its promise.

There is a lot of support for this reform. A majority of Americans strongly favor raising education standards and helping students and teachers to meet those standards. It is important that the standards movement not lose momentum, but we must also be vigilant that the states and the federal government do not squander public support by failing to make necessary changes and to provide sufficient funding to get us there. ▮

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts

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Reserve judgment

TO THE EDITORS:

Robert J. Samuelson's article "The Age of Inflation" is correct in its interpretation of the last 40 years as one long inflation cycle (May 13). But he's wrong to assert that the inflationary upswing was caused only by the intellectual errors of the Keynesian revolution and "lacks the personal drama of politics, scandal, or war." The Keynesian economists didn't always call the tune, and the politicians didn't always follow their advice. Keynesian economists favored increased taxes to pay for war. Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman took that advice; Lyndon Johnson, however, lied to his economic advisers and everyone else about the cost of his war, with the result that the tax increase was temporary, too little, and too late. To ensure his reelection, Richard Nixon set the dollar afloat (a monetarist prescription); installed price controls against the advice of (intellectual) Keynesian Herb Stein; and, together with non-Keynesian Arthur Burns at the Federal Reserve, pumped up the economy through 1972, helping to cause the explosion of inflation from 1973 to 1974. Keynesian policymakers in the Jimmy Carter administration misjudged the inflation of the 1970s. They did adopt the monetarist notion of an unemployment rate low enough to trigger inflation; but they misjudged its level. Nevertheless, it was Carter, not Ronald Reagan, who appointed Paul Volker to the Federal Reserve.

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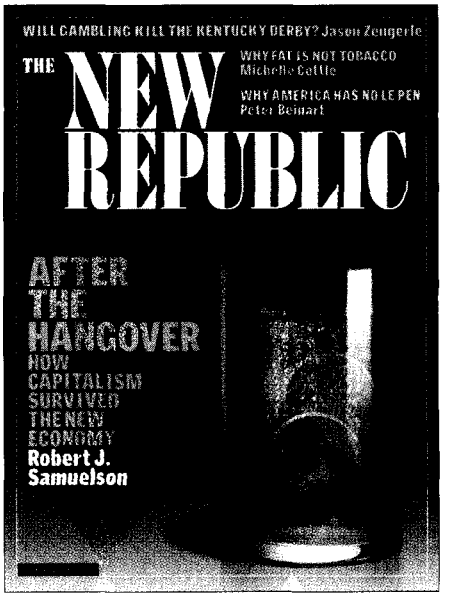
Chewing the fat

TO THE EDITORS:

Michelle Cottle acknowledges that the United States is experiencing an obesity epidemic and that obesity increases the risks of heart disease, diabetes, and cancer ("Heavy Duty," May 13). She also recognizes the need for "better dietary education" and that "every effort should be made to provide a healthful environment" in schools. But for some reason she attacks the "anti-fat warriors" who advocate additional measures. Cottle (and food-industry officials), we think, doth worry too much about a "slippery slope" whereby banning junk food machines from schools will inevitably lead to the kind of tough measures that society has adopted for discouraging excessive smoking and drinking: prohibitions on buying cigarettes and booze under the age of 18 or 21; steep taxes that substantially increase


WILL GAMBLING KILL THE KENTUCKY DERBY? Jason Zengerle
THE NEW REPUBLIC
WHY FAT IS NOT TOBACCO Michelle Cottle
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AFTER THE HANGOVER
HOW CAPITALISM SURVIVED THE NEW ECONOMY
Robert J. Samuelson

prices; and bans on advertising in certain media. Neither of us are proposing such measures. We—and every legislature in the country—understand the appropriateness of influencing diets differently from influencing alcohol and tobacco use. We believe that the government does have a responsibility to help promote public health and to bolster the ability of individuals to make more informed food choices, especially in an environment in which powerful forces so successfully promote unhealthful diets. Government, at any level, should slap small taxes on junk foods like soft drinks—not to boost prices, but to obtain funding for public health campaigns. To inform people that larger servings provide more calories, the government should require chain restaurants and vending machines to post the calorie content of foods next to each menu item. And the government should ensure that schools promote good, not bad, nutrition and health.

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TO THE EDITORS:

Cottle is correct that "our relationships to food are simply too complex for the government to oversee." No one is suggesting the creation of a refrigerator police, but so long as the government is spending

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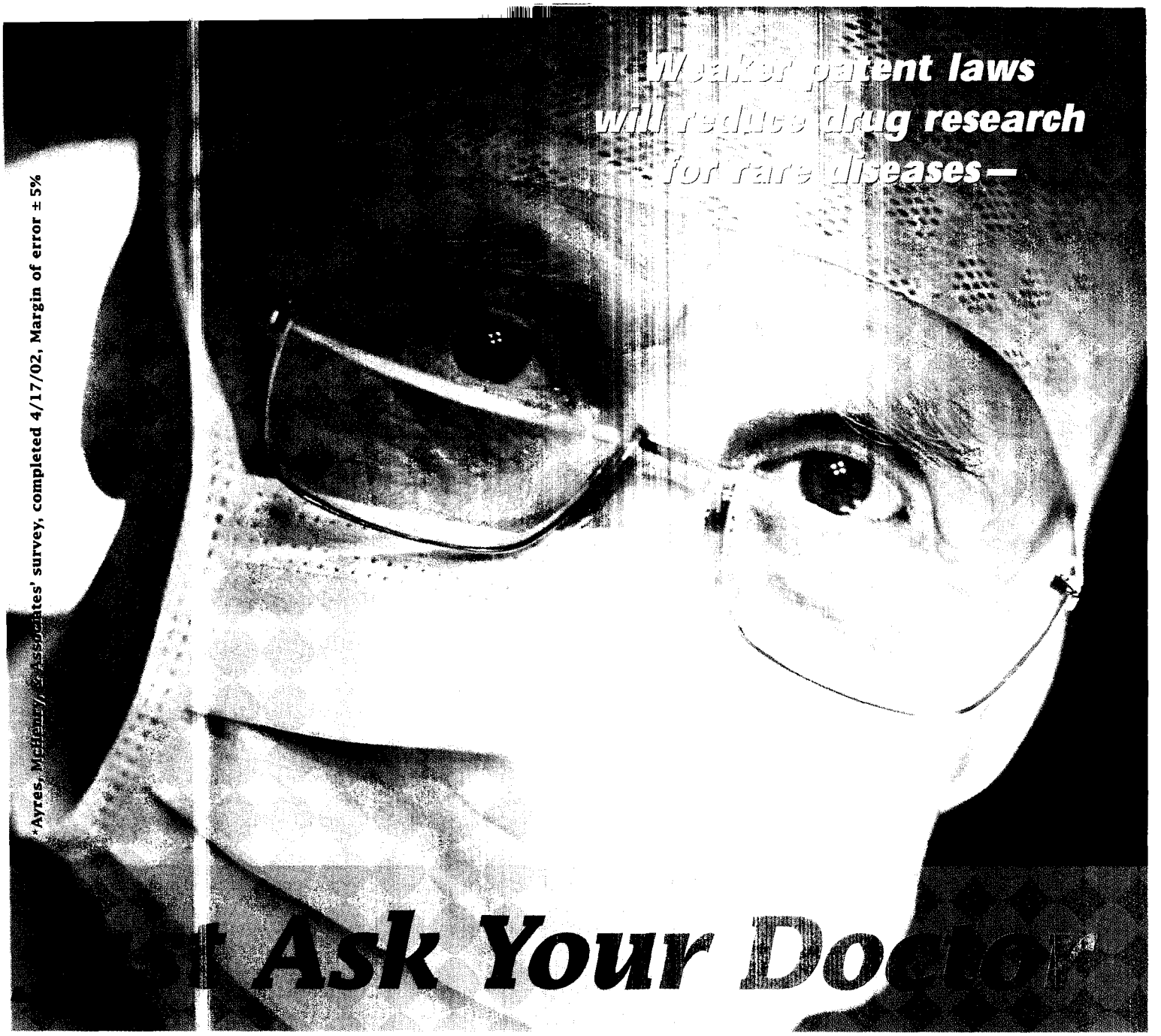

*Ayres, McHenry & Associates' survey, completed 4/17/02, Margin of error ± 5%

Pediatric Cerebral Palsy. Prader–Willi Syndrome. Dystonia. These are just a few of the rare diseases for which the research-based pharmaceutical industry has already developed medicines.

But American doctors, in overwhelming numbers, fear that weakening patent protections for new drugs will lead to less research on cures for rare diseases. A just completed survey* found that 67% of MDs think this is a realistic fear. Understandably, doctors fear that weakened patent laws will force drug companies to concentrate more research on more common ailments.

67% of American MDs fear weaker patent laws mean less drug research for rare diseases.

Prescription drugs are vital to American healthcare… and strong patent laws, especially when it comes to rare diseases, are vital to developing new prescription drugs. *Just ask your doctor.*

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Fair Game

THE BOSTON CELTICS, a team I have followed obsessively since I was nine, didn't make the NBA finals last week, losing to the New Jersey Nets. But in defeat they achieved something even more important: They answered questions that have haunted the team, and the city, for decades. The *Chicago Tribune* posed them this way, in a 1992 article marking the retirement of Larry Bird: "Must the Celtics ... have a white star to placate the nearly all-white-ticket-holder base? Will Boston support a nearly all-black team?"

The answer to those questions is named Paul Pierce, the dazzling African American swingman who has revived the Celtics after a decade of mediocrity. Anyone who thinks Boston sports fans don't embrace Pierce—and his virtually all-black supporting cast—with the partisan fanaticism for which they are rightly renowned didn't hear the deafening applause emanating from Boston's FleetCenter when the Celtics dispatched Philadelphia in the fifth game of round one. But Pierce isn't the only reason to finally put to rest the cheap yet enduring stereotype of Boston as a racist city. In truth, the reasons are all around.

When it comes to the Celtics, the racism charge has always been laughable. In the 1980s the team was derided for practicing what might be called "reverse affirmative action," because it fielded Bird and several other white starters in a league dominated by African Americans. But during that decade the supposedly anti-meritocratic Celtics won the championship three times. And for much of it their white stars played under a black coach—subverting the pernicious stereotype of blacks as athletically superior but unable to run a team. In fact, the Celtics were the first franchise to hire a black coach (1966), the first to draft a black player (1950), and the first to play five blacks on the floor at the same time (1963). If that was racism, the NBA could have used a lot more of it.

The Bird-era Celtics were easy to caricature, however, because memories of Boston's mid-'70s busing crisis were still fresh in the nation's mind. And understandably so. In retrospect, some Bostonians think the city wouldn't have responded so shamefully had Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr. not removed the issue from elected hands, thus torpedoing efforts to construct a school-integration plan that enjoyed popular support. But as *The Boston Globe*'s Alan Lupo explained a few years ago, "In the 1960s and early 1970s, it was an elected School Committee that lied, stalled, and stonewalled over desegregation, thereby insuring that a federal court would rule that Boston schools were segregated." And no desegregation plan—no matter how poorly conceived—justified the mob violence that disgraced the city in 1974 and 1975.

But even in the wake of busing, Boston's reputation never really made sense. After all, the racial trauma of what might be called the Northern phase of the civil rights movement affected virtually every big city. In 1967 and 1968, Baltimore, Detroit, Newark, and Washington, D.C., suffered race riots; Boston, in part because of the actions of a progressive mayor, didn't. In 1966—the year Massachusetts became the first state since Reconstruction to elect a black man, Edward Brooke, to the U.S. Senate—Martin Luther King Jr. was hit by a rock while leading an open-housing march in Marquette Park, Illinois. "I think the people of Mississippi ought to come to Chicago to learn how to hate," he famously declared. The truth is that few major cities integrated without spasms of ugliness.

And over the last decade or so, not only has Boston's record on race not been worse than other cities; it's been better. In the late '80s, in its most important integration effort since busing, Boston moved minority families into many of the all-white housing projects that had rebelled most virulently against busing. But unlike the school integration of the early '70s—which had to be mandated by court order—the housing integration of the late '80s was led by an Irish-Catholic mayor from Southie, Ray Flynn. And although it sparked scattered incidents of harassment, there was no white political backlash.

Today, partly because of those efforts, no Boston neighborhood is more than 85 percent white. And a 2000 survey by the Lewis Mumford Center for Comparative Urban and Regional Research found that of America's ten largest cities, only three are more integrated than Boston. As if to symbolize the city's new era, white and black leaders came together in 1999 to end busing, with virtually no political rancor.

But even more telling has been Boston's record on crime. If residential and educational segregation were the racial flashpoints of the '70s and '80s, police brutality has been the primary flashpoint of the last decade—sparking riots in Los Angeles in 1992 and in Cincinnati in 2001. And it's not hard to understand why. In recent years cities have taken dramatic steps to reverse a crime wave that in the early '90s seemed to be engulfing urban life. Boston's nadir came in 1992, when 14 hooded youths stormed into a murder victim's funeral and repeatedly stabbed a 21-year-old man. But while New York responded to its lawlessness with a "zero tolerance" policy that involved frisking large numbers of young black men, Boston developed a very different strategy in tandem with the city's black ministers. The Boston police helped establish recreational and job-training programs for troubled youth. And in turn the ministers helped the police win the trust of the black community. As a result, the number of murders annually in Boston dropped from 152 in 1990 to 31 in 1999. And there have been no Abner Louimas or Amadou Diallos. By 2000 a Boston Police Department poll showed that 80 percent of the city's black residents expressed confidence in the police, compared with only 34 percent nationally. "When contrasted with the racial climate of the busing crisis of the mid-1970s," wrote the Reverend Eugene F. Rivers III of the city's anti-crime effort, "it is indeed a miracle."

So despite all these achievements, why is Boston still stereotyped as the most racist major American city? I suspect there are two reasons. First, because many African Americans genuinely don't feel as comfortable in Boston as they do in cities like Chicago, Atlanta, and New York. And second, because of America's ten biggest cities, Boston is the only one never to have elected a black mayor—a high-profile personification of its racial progress.

But the best explanation for this isn't racism; it's Boston's small black population. Are white Bostonians more racist than, say, whites in Atlanta—a city with a great reputation among black professionals? Of course not—blacks go to Atlanta for the same reason Jews go to New York and gays go to San Francisco: to find a large enough community of people like them so that it *doesn't matter* what outsiders think. And when you have a large enough community of people like yourself, you elect a mayor. Boston hasn't done so because, of the nation's ten largest cities, it has the lowest combined percentage of blacks and Latinos. Gradually that percentage will rise—and just as Paul Pierce has finally convinced the NBA that the Celtics aren't a racist team, a black mayor will convince the country that Boston isn't a racist city. I look forward to that happy day with the knowledge that it will also be a redundant one—because whoever plays small forward, and whoever sits in city hall, the truth is that Boston doesn't need any redeeming at all.

PETER BEINART

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Are We *Addicted* To Drug War Money?

Government Agencies — Virtually every part of the federal government gets a piece of the $20 billion annual drug war budget.[1]

Prison Industry — The US spends $50 billion annually on prisons. One-quarter of prisoners are drug offenders.[2]

Treatment Industry — US Courts force more than 200,000 a year into drug treatment. 37% of all drug treatment admissions are mandated by the courts. 57.1% of marijuana treatment admissions are court mandated.[3]

Testing Industry — The $5.9 billion dollar drug testing industry should be replaced with impairment testing. Discovering marijuana use a week ago is as irrelevant as finding beer drinking a week ago.[4]

Pharmaceuticals — Profits are protected from medical marijuana competition.

Alcoholic Beverages — Profits protected from social marijuana competition.

Banks — Banks process billions in drug money. When asked in court how a major bank reacted to his arriving at the airport with $20 million in small bills, the courier responded: "They sent a limousine."

Military Suppliers and Contractors — Manufacturers of herbicides, helicopters and military contractors (mercenaries) profit from the $2 billion spent annually on foreign interventions in the name of the War on Drugs.[5]

Drug trafficking represents eight percent of the world's trade, an untaxed and unregulated $400 billion annually.[6]

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[1] National Drug Control Strategy, Office of National Drug Control Policy, February 2002, pgs 29-31 reports a $19,179.7 billion budget for FY 2003. Some costs are not included, e.g. the cost of military personnel fighting the drug war.
[2] Gifford, Sidra Lea, US Department of Justice, Bureau of Justice Statistics, Justice Expenditure and Employment in the United States, 1999 (Washington, DC: US Department of Justice, February 2002), Table 3, p. 4; Beck, et al., US Department of Justice, Bureau of Justice Statistics Prisoners in 2000 (Washington DC: US Department of Justice, August 2001), p. 1-2.
[3] "Admissions by primary substance of abuse, according to treatment characteristics: TEDS 1999," Office of Applied Studies, SAMSHA, Treatment Episodes Data Set (TEDS), October 2001, Tables 3,4 & 8.
[4] "The American Way," Marianno Costantinou, San Francisco Chronicle, August 12, 2001 citing Standard and Poor's.
[5] "National Drug Control Strategy, Office of National Drug Control Policy, February 2002, pgs. 29-31 reports $1,894.00 spent by DoD and Department of State on the drug war. Some funds for intelligence, INTERPOL, ONDCP and the Drug Enforcement Administration are used internationally.
[6] United Nations Office for Drug Control and Crime Prevention, Economic and Social Consequences of Drug Abuse and Illicit Trafficking (New York, NY: UNODCCP, 1998), p. 3.

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Numbers Crunch

LAST YEAR PRESIDENT George W. Bush won passage of his huge tax cut in part by promising massive surpluses for years on end. Needless to say, that promise now looks like a cruel joke. The obvious lesson to draw from this unfortunate turn of events is wariness about rosy budget scenarios. But conservatives in Congress seem to have drawn the opposite conclusion: The scenarios were not rosy enough. So now they are trying to change budgetary rules to make wild fiscal irresponsibility even easier than it was last year.

At issue is the obscure but crucial question of how Congress decides how much tax cuts cost the federal government. Whenever Congress proposes tax (or spending) changes, nonpartisan wonks at the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) and Joint Tax Committee estimate how the changes will affect the budget. These calculations determine what is possible in Washington—former President Bill Clinton's health care reform, for example, suffered a massive setback when the CBO determined that it would cost the Treasury Department hundreds of billions of dollars.

Conservatives want to change the rules by building into these calculations the assumption that tax cuts spur economic growth and therefore reduce revenues far less than the CBO currently assumes. This proposal is called "dynamic scoring." Pro-tax-cut pundits and officeholders have touted it for years and in recent weeks have made another push, holding several congressional hearings on the subject. The last two GOP-selected CBO directors came into office making favorable noises about dynamic scoring, only to admirably abstain. When the current director steps down, perhaps later this year, Republicans would like to find a successor whose loyalty to dynamic scoring is unquestioned.

The advocates of dynamic scoring argue that the current method of determining the effect of tax cuts on revenues—which they dismissively call "static analysis"—fails to account for the ways tax rates affect behavior. "This is equivalent," wrote dynamic-scoring aficionado Bruce Bartlett last month in *National Review*, "to a business planning an increase in the price of its product without considering the possibility that sales will fall as a consequence." But this analogy is patently fraudulent: So-called static analysis does *not* ignore the effect of tax rates. If Congress cuts taxes on capital gains, Congress's budget wonks assume people will sell more stocks. If it raises taxes on alcohol, they assume people will buy less booze. The current method isn't "static" at all. Dynamic scoring would just go a step further, taking into account not only how tax cuts affect individual behavior, but how they affect the growth rate of the entire economy.

One reason this wouldn't work is practical: Budget scorekeepers couldn't possibly measure the macroeconomic effect of every fiscal change enacted by Congress. Glenn Hubbard, the chairman of Bush's Council of Economic Advisers, testified to Congress last month that for just this reason dynamic scoring would only be used for major legislation. But this would create a powerful bias: Congress would figure out that it could get a dynamic-scoring "bonus" for big tax cuts but not for little ones, giving them an incentive to pass larger tax cuts over smaller ones.

The more fundamental flaw is that judging what boosts economic growth is deeply subjective. Some economists stress the economic benefits of spending money on things like education and infrastructure; others stress the economic benefits of deficit reduction; others stress the economic benefits of tax cuts. Dynamic-scoring champions, unsurprisingly, *only* want to count the benefits of tax cuts. "I think in the tax area, there's much more agreement on effects of major tax policy," Hubbard told Congress. But while it's true that all economists think cutting marginal tax rates has *some* positive effect, that's where the agreement ends. The experience of the 1990s, when two upper-bracket tax *hikes* preceded an economic boom, has convinced many liberal and moderate economists that, at current tax rates, this effect is miniscule. Meanwhile, the *negative* effects of tax cuts—higher interest rates resulting from larger deficits or smaller surpluses—can counteract or completely overwhelm their positive effects. So while conservative economists tend to think the Bush tax cut will make the economy grow faster than it otherwise would have, moderate and liberal economists tend to think it will make it grow slower.

Which is why the current budget scoring system makes neither assumption. Dynamic analysis, in other words, is simply an attempt to enshrine conservative theory as budgetary fact. Had that system been in place last year, we would have had an even larger tax cut and today would be facing even larger deficits. "Dynamic" is one way to describe this kind of analysis. A better term would be "dishonest." ■

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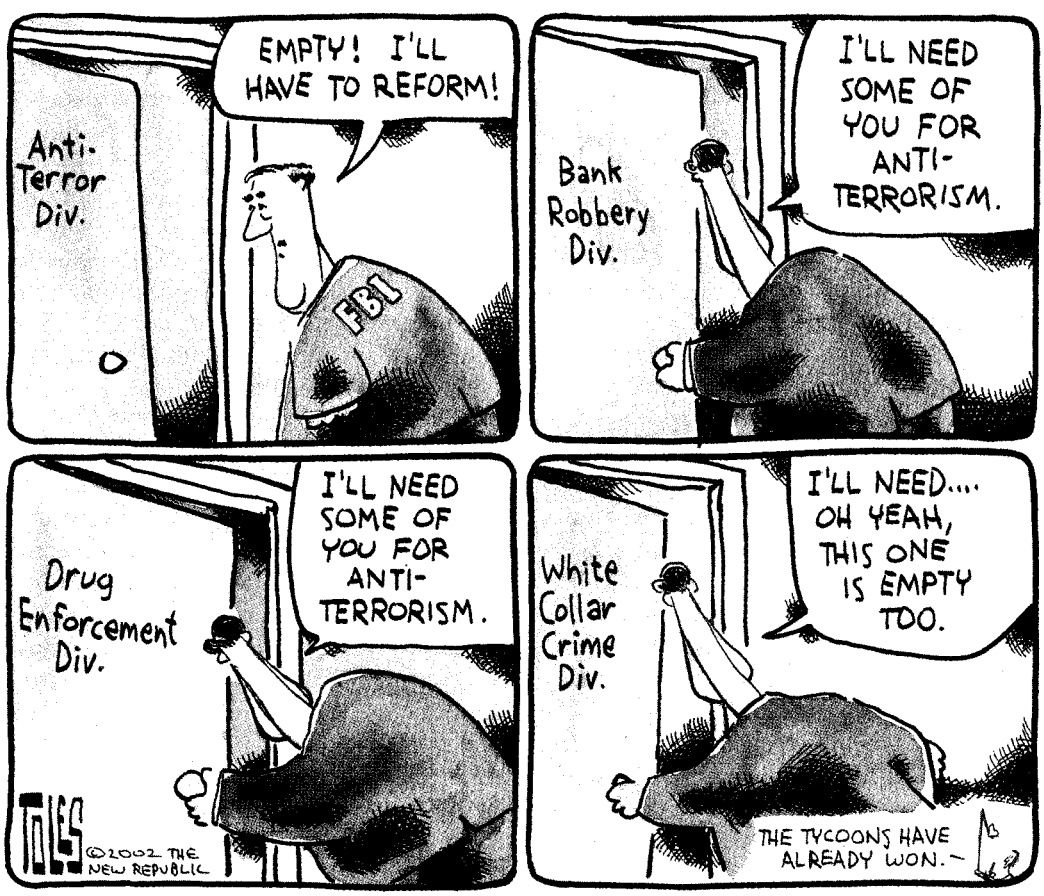
NOTEBOOK

THE BENEFIT OF HINDSIGHT: In the past couple of weeks the White House strategy for containing the metastasizing scandal over who knew what before September 11 has seemed to shift from resolutely defending the FBI and CIA to hoping their problems divert attention away from the president and his political advisers. Which is why this nugget, buried in the middle of a June 2 *New York Times* story on the FBI, was so intriguing: In a September 10 submission to the Office of Management and Budget, Attorney General John Ashcroft refused to endorse the FBI's request for $58 million in additional counterterror funds to hire more investigators, analysts, and translators. The $58 million in extra counterterrorism spending for the fiscal year that begins next October would have, of course, done nothing to prevent 9/11. And after 9/11 Ashcroft reversed course and proposed $2 billion for the FBI's counterterrorism efforts over the next fiscal year. But it's worth noting that when Ashcroft originally nixed the additional counterterror funds, the terrorist threat posed by Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda was hardly unknown in Washington. Indeed, for six weeks last summer the U.S. government was at its highest state of alert against imminent terrorist attack. "Something really spectacular is going to happen here, and it's going to happen soon," the Bush administration's top counterterrorism official, Richard Clarke, reportedly told officials from a dozen federal agencies during a July 5 meeting in the White House situation room. Ever since September 11 Ashcroft has cast himself as America's premiere counterterrorist. "From that moment," Ashcroft has said, "I began to mobilize the resources of the Department of Justice toward one single overarching and overriding objective: to save innocent lives from further acts of terrorism." Which is all well and good. But someone should ask why he didn't mobilize some of those resources beforehand.

OUR MAN IN CAIRO: Speaking of burnishing counterterror bona fides, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak this week told *The New York Times* that his government warned American officials one week before September 11 that Osama bin Laden's network was close to carrying out a major attack. "We knew that something was going to happen against the U.S., and we informed the U.S.," Mubarak said, explaining that Egyptian intelligence had penetrated bin Laden's organization through an agent. Indeed, Mubarak said that Egypt's agent even tried to head off the attacks: "I think this man, this agent, phoned the group of bin Laden.... He told them, 'No, no, no,' ... [but] we couldn't stop it." A senior U.S. intelligence official told the *Times* that the CIA received no warnings from the Egyptians in the days before the attacks. But whether or not Mubarak is telling the truth, what he's saying now rather dramatically contradicts what he said immediately after 9/11. Then, Mubarak did nothing to tamp down the widespread sentiment in the Arab street dismissing American claims that bin Laden was involved. "We should not jump to conclusions without a full investigation so as to be able to reach a sound decision," he lectured in a September 18 interview with the BBC that was also carried by the state-run MENA news agency. "I cannot say that bin Laden is solely responsible." Too bad he didn't ask his secret agent back then.

AN ESTIMATED 45 BILLION PEOPLE WILL READ THIS NOTEBOOK ITEM: *The New York Times* offered some sobering news this week: "By conservative reckoning, the planet loses 3 or 4 species an hour, 80 or more a day, 30,000 a year," wrote the *Times*, quoting from the new book *The Ghost with Trembling Wings* by Scott Weidensaul. The quotation suggesting this bleak state of affairs appeared in the *Times* with the mildest of caveats—"although the exact num-


EMPTY! I'LL HAVE TO REFORM!
Anti-Terror Div.
FBI
I'LL NEED SOME OF YOU FOR ANTI-TERRORISM.
Bank Robbery Div.
I'LL NEED SOME OF YOU FOR ANTI-TERRORISM.
Drug Enforcement Div.
TOLES ©2002 THE NEW REPUBLIC
I'LL NEED.... OH YEAH, THIS ONE IS EMPTY TOO.
White Collar Crime Div.
THE TYCOONS HAVE ALREADY WON.

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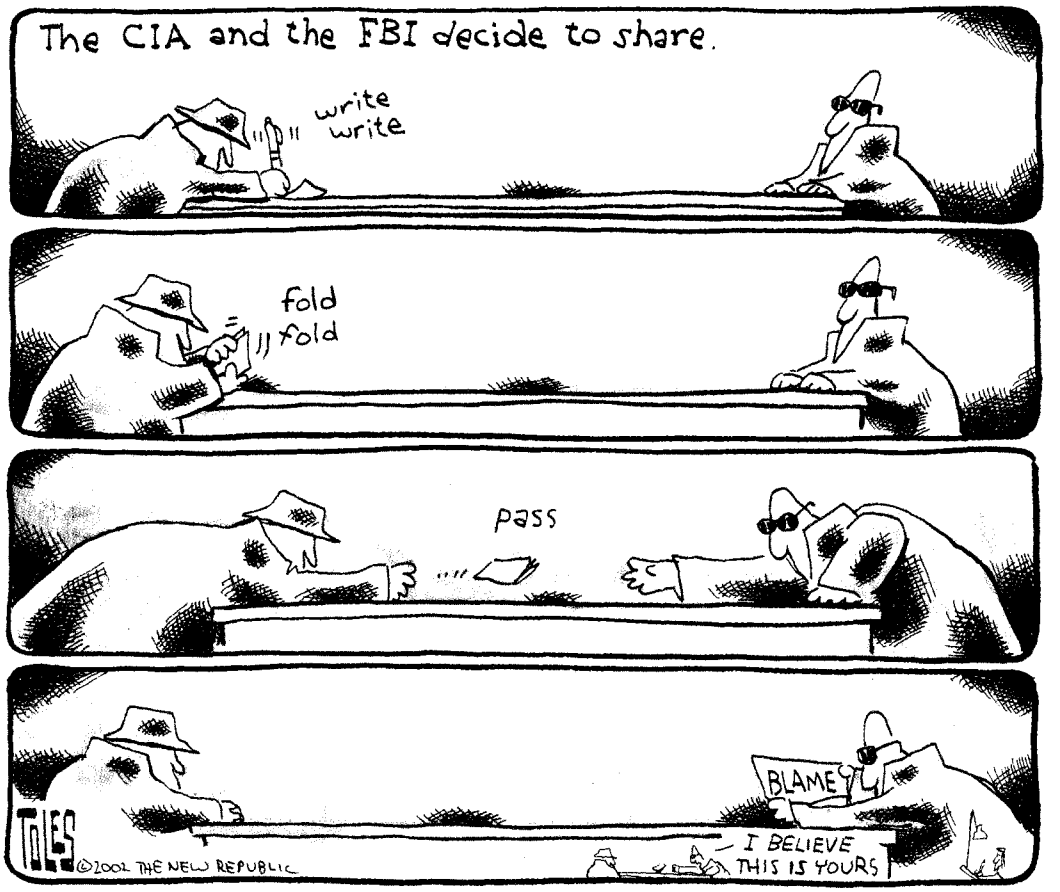
bers are disputed." Yet just last month the U.N. Environment Program's World Conservation Monitoring Center released a major study estimating that a total of just 2,313 animal species worldwide are threatened. The International Union for the Conservation of Nature, which tracks both plants *and* animals, considers about 11,000 species worldwide threatened. Even so, how can a "conservative reckoning" claim there are three times as many extinctions *every year* as there are total threatened species? The 30,000-extinctions-per-year figure, which pops up regularly in doomsday commentary, is based on a projection that the world contains millions of unknown species and that they are vanishing at an unprecedented rate. The theory, which is credited to British ecologist Norman Myers, doesn't appear to have any evidentiary support. Surely there are many uncatalogued species, especially among insects and in the deep-ocean biosphere about which little is known. But to assume there are millions of species that have never been observed, then assume they are disappearing without anyone ever knowing, then multiply the unknown number by the unknown rate of disappearance, and assert the resulting figure as a fact is the kind of "conservative reckoning" that makes George W. Bush's Social Security privatization numbers look ironclad.

STATUS REPORT: As TNR went to press, a car containing a bomb collided with a crowded bus in the city of Megiddo, taking the lives of 17 Israelis and wounding 47. It happened, as *Ha'aretz* pointed out, exactly 35 years to the hour of the start of the Six Day War. This atrocity, one of the hundreds attempted in recent months, was claimed by Islamic Jihad. But, in the days prior, Hamas, the second-pervid Muslim militia, and Yasir Arafat's own Al Aqsa Brigade both took responsibility for other murderous acts of terror. Taken together, they constituted a kind of welcome to CIA Director George Tenet, who'd been sent by President George W. Bush to rescue the Palestinians from their self-punishing strategy of killing random Israelis. For some reason this attack seems to have touched Javier Solana, the European Union's ineffective but occasionally mischievous meddler in the conflict between Jews and Arabs—and he condemned it. So did U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan. But their reasons for harshly condemning the murders at Megiddo, where tradition says the battle between Gog and Magog will transpire, stem from a familiar and bankrupt analysis about how to proceed from war to peace. This analysis always starts with keeping Arafat in power—something Solana and Annan fear Israel may soon no longer allow. So their denunciations are an effort to stay Jerusalem's hand—despite this week's graphic evidence that it is precisely this status quo that is denying both Israelis and Palestinians the hope of a tranquil life.

RESISTANCE AND PERSISTENCE: On page 32 of this week's issue, there appears an essay by the great classical scholar Bernard Knox about Jean Moulin, the leader of the French Resistance in World War II. Since this essay includes memoiristic passages about its author's own participation in the resistance against the Nazis in France, we take this opportunity to note with gratitude and admiration that the appearance of this piece marks the sixty-third year of Bernard Knox's contributions to this magazine. His first piece in THE NEW REPUBLIC appeared in the issue of June 28, 1939. This degree of constancy and intellectual commitment flies in the face of everything we have been taught to believe about these tacky times. We wish our dear friend and distinguished contributor many more years in our pages, not least because wishing him long life means wishing ourselves long life. ■



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White House Watch

Food Fight

By Ryan Lizza

Matthew Scully, senior speechwriter to the president and surely the highest-ranking vegetarian in the notoriously carnivorous Bush administration, is looking skeptically at the menu. We're dining at a liberal hangout a few blocks north of the White House that I had mistakenly assumed would offer a plethora of vegetarian options. "They serve veal here," Scully says with a mischievous grin. "I'm leaving."

After finishing a plate of couscous and vegetables, Scully—who will leave the administration this week—clicks open his briefcase and retrieves a thick manuscript. On the cover is a painting of a baby lamb atop an alter-like slab of granite. The helpless little animal's four hooves are tightly bound with rope, and above this stark piece of art is the title of Scully's forthcoming book: *Dominion: The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy.*

Rather than a tell-all of West Wing backstabbing, the first book written by an ex-Bush official will be, strangely enough, a manifesto on behalf of animal welfare. Scully's argument is that human beings are losing any sense of respect or restraint when it comes to other living creatures. *Dominion* includes a stirring attack on the trophy-hunting industry and graphic accounts of the ghastly treatment of animals at modern factory farms. But perhaps the oddest, and most intriguing, part of Scully's book is his attempt to square it with the ideology of the administration he serves. Scully insists he is not an "animal rights" activist. "In a way it's the opposite of rights," he explains. For Scully, it's precisely because animals *don't* have the same rights as humans—because they are unequal and powerless—that we have a special responsibility to be good shepherds. The goal of *Dominion* is to turn the debate over the treatment of animals into a debate about mercy, to save it from the secular left through an explicitly theological appeal. As he searches for some passages to share with me, Scully carefully removes a dead insect that has somehow been crushed between the pages of his galleys. "I see the hand of my own Maker when I look at every creature," he says. Scully, in other words, is making the compassionate-conservative case for animal welfare. And although he wouldn't describe it in these terms, his book hurls an audacious challenge at the White House he is about to leave: Does it really believe in the philosophy it purports to espouse?

Listening to Scully speak about humanity's obligations to animals, you can quickly understand why he has long been one of the architects of the moral language in George W. Bush's better speeches on compassionate conservatism. (Raised a Catholic, he was hired partly because of his work for former Pennsylvania Governor Bob Casey, when he used the language of social justice—rather than harsh moralistic themes—to communicate the Democrat's pro-life message.) Scully has been with W. since mid-1999 and has had a major influence on just about every important Bush speech of the last three years. While White House communications czarina Karen Hughes and director of speechwriting Michael Gerson get all of the attention in the press, most of Bush's speeches begin as a collaboration between Scully, Gerson, and a writer named John McConnell—all of whom have been with Bush since the presidential campaign. "Those are our three senior guys, and he [Scully] is going to be missed," Karl Rove tells me. "Our hope is the book does well, and he comes back." In the meantime, the president has asked Scully to remain an informal adviser while he's out promoting *Dominion.*

In many ways Scully has a lot in common with his Republican colleagues in the White House. Like Bush père, Scully's father left the East Coast in the 1950s to seek a fortune in the oil boom then occurring out West. (By coincidence, Scully was born just down the road from Dick Cheney, in Casper, Wyoming.) In the first Bush administration Scully was a speechwriter for Dan Quayle, whose office served as a refuge for more conservative White House aides. He has worked as an editor at *National Review* and was the ghostwriter for Dick Armey's book on the flat tax.

But *Dominion* will likely come as a shock to many of Scully's conservative comrades. Scully, whose publisher provided excerpts of the book, writes unsparingly about the managers and owners of America's brutal factory hog farms, several of whom are significant Bush backers and six-figure donors to the Republican Party. Scully hopes to make the mass confinement of hogs—he calls their pens "concentration camps"—the next great animal-welfare cause. "In some ways, hog farming sums it up," he tells me. "It's just ruthless." And he criticizes "malleable politicians" whom the pork industry has bought with "unsparing political contributions." (Bush took more than $500,000 in contributions from the livestock industry in 2000.) Scully is also critical of the federal subsidies that go to industrial farming operations—subsidies the Bush administration expanded massively last month when it signed the farm bill. "We're helping corporate farmers, who need no help at all," Scully says. And he's not in favor of unrestricted free trade either: "Free trade is one of the greatest forces for human betterment in the world. But there have to be standards. Trade is not an absolute good that trumps everything else."

Dominion, in other words, is partly about the ways in which compassionate conservatism and corporate conservatism clash violently. Scully says his book is aimed partly at his friends on the right and, specifically, at their belief in "ordered liberty." Animal welfare, he says, pounding the table—which he does when he gets rolling on the subject—is about liberty versus license: "Go to a modern corporate farm and you are looking at license—a licentious spirit." While Scully is not himself devoutly religious—"I don't go to church"—he frames his argument in Biblical language. "Religious people might be the most receptive to the book," he says. "It's not hard to convince a Christian that he or she can do better in his or her life."

Rove, for his part, doesn't sound convinced. "This is a

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Public Schools Accountable for Cost of Finished Graduate

Herbert J. Walberg is a distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 ducation; and University Scholar, University of Illinois at Chicago.

U.S. taxpayers paid on average $108,730 to produce each 1998 high school graduate. But among the country's fifty largest districts, Cleveland, Ohio, graduates cost almost $300,000, whereas Utah's similar-sized Jordan School District produced graduates for one-fifth of Cleveland's cost. **The cost per finished graduate is as important a measure of a school system's productivity as the annual academic progress reports called for in President Bush's education reforms.**

According to the U.S. Department of Education, the annual per-pupil cost of K–12 public education was $6,189 for the 1997–98 school year, with state-level expenditures ranging from a low of $3,969 in Utah to a high of $9,643 in New Jersey. Because the purpose of these expenditures is to produce a high school graduate over a thirteen-year period, one measure of the cost of a K–12 education is $6,189 multiplied by thirteen, or $80,460 per pupil.

But Jay P. Greene of the Manhattan Institute recently calculated that only 74 percent of the class of 1998 actually graduated, ranging from a low of 59 percent in Tennessee to a high of 93 percent in Iowa. Graduation rates in the nation's fifty largest districts ranged from 28 percent in Cleveland to 87 percent in Fairfax County, Virginia.

Because the expenditure of $80,460 per pupil produced graduates only 74 percent of the time, the cost per *finished* U.S. high school graduate is $80,460 divided by 74 percent, or $108,730. Using this calculation provides a cost index to how productively each school, district, or state is using tax dollars.

This index varies significantly across jurisdictions. For example, it costs more to produce a high school graduate in the District of Columbia ($181,851) than in any of the fifty states. The three states with the highest costs per graduate are New Jersey ($156,701), New York ($155,507), and Alaska ($153,599). The three states with the lowest cost per graduate are Utah ($67,003), North Dakota ($75,542), and South Dakota ($77,818). The Dakotas are also efficient in another way: their students typically score in the highest range on national examinations.

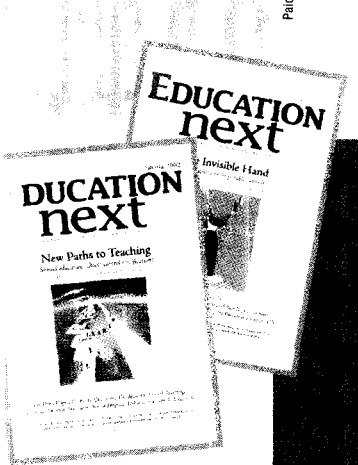
Of the fifty largest school districts, Utah's Jordan School District produces each finished graduate for only $59,199, just over half the U.S. average. **Cleveland has the highest cost per finished graduate in the country ($297,282)**, almost three times the U.S. average. Joining Cleveland are Milwaukee, Wisconsin ($243,886), and Columbus, Ohio ($197,080).

In these least efficient cities, lawmakers have recently tried vouchers (or scholarships) with which students are able to attend private schools in these areas. Studies by Caroline M. Hoxby and Paul E. Peterson, both of Harvard University and the Hoover Institution, show the benefits: lower costs, greater parental satisfaction, and increased achievment not only of scholarship students but of students who remain in public schools. "Overall, an evaluation of Milwaukee suggests that public schools have a strong, positive productivity response to competition from vouchers," says Hoxby. **"The schools that faced the most potential competition from vouchers had the best productivity response."**

If we want more, better-educated high school graduates and more value for tax dollars, the solution is obvious—unleash competition.

— Herbert J. Walberg

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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deeply felt, passionate cause, and, as somebody from a big cattle-producing state, I'm not sure I agree with him; but I appreciate the sincerity of his convictions," says Bush's chief political adviser. As for the president, Scully prepared a short summary of the book for Bush, and the two briefly discussed it during a final meeting this week. Scully hints that he thinks Bush could be swayed on the subject, saying, "He's a man of extremely kind and generous instincts." But it's an uphill battle. A couple of days after their chat, on Scully's final day at the White House, Bush will be speaking before the 14th Annual World Pork Expo in Des Moines, Iowa. Scully was not asked to help write the speech. ■

The real biothreat.

Drop Shot

By Sarah Wildman

A child is sick: high fever, acutely sensitive to light, spots break out all over her body. Another child falls ill. Suddenly hundreds are infected, and dozens are hospitalized. Deaths are feared. Smallpox? Anthrax? A terrorist attack? Try measles—in Germany—this past March. The same thing happened one decade ago in the United States: 11,000 were hospitalized and 123 died.

It could easily happen again. And not just with measles. Currently the United States is experiencing shortages of eight of the eleven vaccines required by law for children: measles, mumps, rubella, diphtheria, tetanus, pertussis (whooping cough), varicella (chicken pox), and pneumococcal disease (meningitis). In response, the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) have revised their immunization schedule from "optimal" to "some protection," which means that, depending on the vaccine, kids may get the first shot and not the boosters that solidify immunity, or they may not get the first shot at all until several months past the recommended age. In response to the shortages, some states are relaxing their demands that kids get vaccinated before they come to school this September. In Oregon, for example, seven-year-olds will be allowed to forgo chicken pox shots and diphtheria/tetanus boosters; Texas is deferring the diphtheria/tetanus booster shot required for all 14-year-olds. Which is scary, because children aren't the only ones at risk: Spotty vaccination cycles for diseases such as rubella and chicken pox mean that children may grow to adulthood without immunity, remaining at risk for diseases that cause many more complications for adults and can have devastating effects for pregnant women.

The pharmaceutical industry and the CDC promise to alleviate the shortages by the end of this year. But America's national vaccine supply is so "fragile"—according to several prominent immunologists—that, even if they do, shortages will almost surely return. "These shortages speak to a bigger problem, which is that at some level there is a slight crumbling of infrastructure," warns Dr. Paul Offit, an infectious disease expert at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. "It's only going to get worse." Which is why the terrorism-addled federal government, which this year plans to spend $640 million to build stockpiles of the vaccine for smallpox—a disease that hasn't killed anyone in 25 years—needs to start worrying about something more mundane and perhaps more dangerous: a deadly outbreak of measles.

Most people assume the diseases that ravaged millions in the early twentieth century no longer affect American children. And in good years, when American kids get their required vaccines on schedule, that's true. In the 1950s nearly every American child came down with measles by the time he or she was seven, and the number of measles cases hovered around four million per year. But with the introduction of a measles vaccine in 1963, that number plummeted to a few hundred cases per year. The same is true for diphtheria, a disease that claimed more than 15,000 lives annually before a vaccine was instituted in 1923; today it's all but eradicated in the United States.

But not every country is so lucky. In Russia, for instance, a mid-1990s diphtheria outbreak infected 80,000 people and left 2,000 dead. And people from Russia, Germany, China, Britain, and other countries where vaccination is less routine enter the United States in large numbers every day. When the United States keeps its vaccine levels above roughly 90 percent, according to immunologists, that's not a big problem because of "herd immunity." Thanks to herd immunity, immigrants who aren't vaccinated—or for that matter native-born Americans who aren't vaccinated—ride on the backs of the rest of the population and are protected. A child or adult who is ill arrives in Seattle, walks into a Starbucks, a grocery store, a movie theater. But because pretty much everyone in those public spaces has been vaccinated, the disease runs its course through that one person, infecting perhaps the one other nonimmunized person the carrier comes across, rather than being passed on to nearly everyone he meets. The key is keeping vaccine levels up: If they fall below 90 percent, preventable diseases begin finding the chinks in our immunization armor and sweeping through the population. America's early '90s measles outbreak, for instance, started among undocumented immigrant children in Texas and California and the urban poor in Philadelphia and Chicago—where large numbers of children were undervaccinated or not vaccinated at all. But it quickly spread beyond those populations, affecting even children in states with higher vaccination levels.

So what's causing the vaccine shortages that threaten our herd immunity today? The answer begins and ends with our peculiar quasi-free-market approach to producing vaccines. Though undoubtedly a public utility, vaccines are manufactured exclusively by independent pharmaceutical companies. This isn't in and of itself a bad thing: Private-sector independence often breeds innovation. The problem is that the incentive for such innovation is profit. And unlike blockbuster drugs that lower cholesterol or reduce anxiety, vaccines are notoriously unprofitable.

For one thing, they are difficult to create: They often require handling live viruses, and some take nearly one year to produce. What's more, the Food and Drug Administration

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(FDA) has recently clamped down on the manufacture of vaccines, requiring pharmaceutical companies to make multimillion-dollar quality-control upgrades to their production facilities in order to comply with what's called "good manufacturing practice" and to ensure uniform safety standards. The FDA also recently decided that vaccines could no longer be preserved in a solution called thimerosal, a mercury-based concoction long used in multidose vials of certain vaccines. Companies whose vaccines were sitting in thimerosal had to switch from multi- to single-dose vials—a transfer that immediately reduced supplies by 25 percent—as single-dose vials must be overfilled to allow syringes to withdraw the appropriate amount.

And once the vaccines get to market, they don't fetch top dollar. Some 50 percent to 60 percent of vaccines are bought by the government, which typically purchases them at near cost. "The trend [is] to shoot for the lowest possible price whenever there's a negotiation between government—which is the country's largest purchaser—and the industry," says Dr. Tom Zink, a representative of pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline. The other 40 percent of the vaccine market—covered primarily by private-sector health insurance and out of pocket by the underinsured—doesn't help much either because Americans, most of whom don't remember the tragedy of diseases like diphtheria, generally chafe at paying high costs for vaccines. As Offit notes, many people balk at spending $10 for an influenza vaccine, though it would cost more than ten times that amount to treat the illness itself. And even for those vaccines that do cost more—like the new meningitis vaccine, which costs $250 for a five-course dose—the cost is only paid once per patient. Compare that to pricey drugs like cholesterol-lowering Lipitor that are taken daily for years.

As a result of these economic disincentives (combined with various lawsuits that scared off several pharmaceutical-industry players), over the last 20 years the number of companies producing vaccines has dropped from 15 to four. And there is little overlap in production between the remaining four, which means stockpiles are often minimal or nonexistent. In December 2001, for instance, a company called Wyeth Lederle decided to stop producing the DTaP (diphtheria/tetanus/pertussis) vaccine with only one month's notice. That left Aventis Pasteur as the only company still marketing the tetanus vaccine in the United States. And Aventis didn't have enough supply to make up for the loss. The result was, and remains, that the tetanus vaccine is unavailable almost anywhere in the country except emergency rooms.

The irony, as Dr. Louis Cooper, president of the American Academy of Pediatrics, points out, is that "immunizations are the most cost-beneficial medical invention in history." Next to purifying the water supply, nothing has been as "profoundly effective" in improving public health at such a low cost. "What we have to do," says Cooper, "is take a step back and look at how we align incentives.... Because drug companies are not philanthropies. If you were a CEO of a drug company and you looked at your portfolio, do you invest in a vaccine or a hypertensive or an anti-anxiety or anti-pain medication? Where is the return on investment quicker and profoundly more?"

One option—proposed by the Institute of Medicine (IOM), a nonprofit research arm of the National Academy of Sciences—is a National Vaccine Authority (NVA), a public-private partnership charged with overseeing immunizations across the country. With the NVA, says IOM president Dr. Kenneth Shine, "government involvement would only occur when the market is not meeting demands." He suggests the creation of a government-owned facility or a contract between private industry and the government, like the one the Department of Defense has set up to create vaccines for bioterrorism.

Industry, not surprisingly, balks at establishing another bureaucratic agency. And not without reason. In fact, something like the NVA already exists; it's called the National Vaccine Program (NVP), a congressionally mandated bureaucracy set up to coordinate the efforts of various federal agencies involved in vaccinations. Rather than starting from scratch, the NVP could be significantly strengthened. An important first step would simply be improving the currently poor state of communication between the various agencies and corporations that comprise the NVP. "Close, tight communication between industry, the Department of Health and Human Services, the CDC, [and] the FDA on issues relating to vaccines" is imperative, says Lance Rodewald, director of the Immunization Services Division at the CDC. Manufacturers, suggests Rodewald, might be required to notify the government further in advance when they plan to stop making vaccines so other companies have time to ramp up production.

A stronger NVP could also press the FDA to work with international drug manufacturers in an effort to "harmonize requirements across countries." If production standards were harmonized across borders, the United States could import vaccines to alleviate supply shortages, which it can't easily do today. The NVP could also do a better job of tracking current stockpiles and encouraging the creation of additional stores. Because many vaccines expire if left to sit like computer paper on a shelf, they must be cycled through and distributed to keep the stash on hand as fresh as possible. The NVP could make sure that both manufacturers and the federal government keep their supplies current and plentiful.

Of course, all this will take more money from Congress. And so far Congress hasn't been particularly interested in handing it over. Two years ago the Institute of Medicine recommended $75 million in additional funding for the NVP; but Congress appropriated only $42.5 million. Fortunately, the General Accounting Office is due to issue a report at the end of July examining the vaccine shortages, which will hopefully prompt Congress to take the issue more seriously.

But in the meantime, children across the country are being sent home from their pediatricians without the shots they require. "[A]ny underimmunized child anywhere in the country puts the rest of the country at risk," Dr. Walter Orenstein, director of the National Immunization Program at the CDC, has said. The more kids don't get their immunizations, the more likely long-forgotten diseases like measles will return to afflict Americans. Which would be shameful, because this form of bioterrorism is entirely preventable. ■

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Kurdistan Dispatch

Bomb Shelter

By MICHAEL RUBIN

"AT THE VERY best, you might have met Jesse Jackson; more likely, you'd be in an unmarked grave," chided the Kurdish minister. He was not happy. It was the spring of 2001, and a friend and I had accidentally crossed from the Kurdish opposition-controlled portion of Iraq into government territory. The line of control had been easy to miss. The last checkpoint on the Kurdish side looked like any other—two or three soldiers armed with Kalashnikovs politely checking passenger IDs and occasionally opening trunks to search for illegal weapons. The white Toyota Land Cruiser we were driving looked like those used by the United Nations, and the Kurds at the checkpoint simply waved us on. From there we expected to enter the one-to five-kilometer no-man's-land that normally separates Kurdish and government territory. We crossed a bridge over the Zab River, and 50 meters later came to another checkpoint. About a dozen soldiers lounged near a large howitzer emplacement. Then my friend pointed to the howitzer and asked with alarm, "Isn't that gun pointed the wrong way?" We slowly turned around, returning to the Kurdish safe haven before Saddam Hussein's soldiers were any the wiser.

Our memories were correct: The territory just beyond the Zab River *had* been no-man's-land. But roughly one year earlier, Iraqi troops had occupied it; and when the United States didn't respond, they dug in. "If the Americans would have reacted, they would have retreated," one Kurdish soldier explained.

For the Kurds, the remilitarization of no-man's-land is one more sign that when it comes to confronting Saddam, the United States can't be trusted. And that's a big problem, because without Kurdish help the Bush administration's on-again, off-again invasion plans may be off for good. The two primary Iraqi-Kurdish leaders, Massoud Barzani and Jalal Talabani—who head the Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP) and the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK), respectively—administer a chunk of Iraq twice the size of New Jersey. They control 50,000 lightly armed *peshmerga* (literally, "those who face death") as well as a number of small airfields, many of which were cleared of debris in March ("to provide better picnic grounds," Kurdish officials told the populace). While the landing strips would need to be lengthened to accommodate jet fighters, basic infrastructure exists for helicopters and smaller planes and can be quickly upgraded for more sophisticated aircraft. (Indeed, the Turkish army occasionally uses the Bamerni Airfield near Sarsang.) In addition, scattered throughout the region are concrete fortresses built by Saddam and now used by refugees, the United Nations, or *peshmerga*—fortresses that could be easily secured for use by American rear-guard troops as armor and ammunition depots. While the United States can oust Saddam without Kurdish assistance, a ready-made staging area in northern Iraq would lessen our dependence on unreliable Persian Gulf partners like Saudi Arabia—which would make any military campaign a whole lot easier.

But right now the Kurds aren't keen to put their resources at America's disposal. In April, Barzani and Talabani refused permission for the CIA to renew a permanent American presence in the region. Efforts by American diplomats to convince the two Kurdish leaders to jointly sign a public document outlining a joint vision for a federal Iraq have come to naught. In February both KDP and PUK refused to allow an Iraqi National Congress (INC) radio transmitter on their territory, even though both parties are members of the INC. That same month Barzani declared to *The Wall Street Journal*, "We will not be party to any project that will endanger what we have achieved." While most Iraqi Kurds despise Saddam as a mass murderer and would like nothing more than to see him deposed, they don't want to provoke him without guarantees that Washington is serious. And based on past U.S. behavior, they aren't convinced that if they rise up once again, Washington will finish the job.

THE LEADERS OF the Iraqi Kurds have long memories compounded by a sometimes self-defeating obsession with foreign betrayal. "How can we trust the United States?" Barzani asked me rhetorically in an interview last spring. "You only care about your own interests, not ours." He illustrated his contention with a narrative of U.S. abandonment centered around three key incidents. The first occurred in 1975 when Henry Kissinger brokered the Algiers agreement, suspending (temporarily, it turned out) the then-low-grade conflict between Iran and Iraq (full-scale war erupted five years later). As part of the deal, Kissinger effectively pulled the rug out from beneath the Iranian-supported Kurdish rebellion in Iraq, forcing tens of thousands of Iraqi Kurds into Iranian refugee camps. In a January 2000 interview, Deputy Kurdish Prime Minister Sami Abdul Rahman called Kissinger's actions "the most cruel betrayal in our history—which is full of betrayals."

The second American betrayal came in 1987 and 1988, after up to 182,000 Kurds died in an ethnic-cleansing campaign that began when the Iraqi government bulldozed more than 4,000 of the 4,650 Kurdish villages in northern Iraq and culminated in Saddam's use of chemical weapons against civilian Kurds. While Saddam carried out the infamous Halabja attack allegedly in retaliation for Kurdish militia support for Iranian forces, most of the villages attacked and destroyed were civilian and far from the Iranian frontier. But in order not to antagonize Saddam, whom the United States was then seeking to engage, the United States denied knowledge of the ethnic cleansing. Three years later a map noting each destroyed village—compiled using American satellite intelligence, printed by the Pentagon's Defense

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Mapping Agency, and declassified for use by U.S. troops at the start of the Gulf war—proved America's duplicity.

Finally, the Kurds hold the United States largely responsible for the failure of their post-Gulf war uprising one decade ago. On February 15, 1991, President George H.W. Bush called on "the Iraqi military and the Iraqi people to take matters into their own hands, to force Saddam Hussein, the dictator, to step aside." And the Kurds, along with anti-government Shia in Iraq's South, dutifully rose up—only to have the U.S. military withhold air cover and let them be crushed. Many Kurds believe that the United States was not simply feckless, but that it wanted the rebellions defeated. "If the U.S. wanted us to oust Saddam, we could have," Mam Rustam, a PUK commander, explained. "But instead the Americans released the Republican Guard POWs, just in time for them to rearm, remobilize, and attack us."

And over the past two years the United States still hasn't won the Kurds' trust. In September 2000 Secretary of State Madeleine Albright outlined the Iraqi provocations that would result in the use of American forces: "We do not want to see [the Iraqi government] reconstitute their weapons of mass destruction, and we don't want them to take action against the Kurds, and we don't want them to threaten the neighborhood." And indeed, in December 2000, when Iraqi troops crossed the thirty-sixth parallel and surrounded Ba'adre, a town on the line of control, the United States responded, and Saddam's men quickly retreated. I visited Ba'adre soon after the incursion ended. Residents described how U.S. warplanes flew low over Iraqi lines and 138 Iraqi troops threw down their weapons and surrendered without a shot.

But the Bush administration, despite its tough talk, hasn't kept up the pressure. In May 2001, Iraqi forces probed Kurdish defenses near the dusty town of Kifri without any American response. Just last month U.S. intelligence reported increasing Iraqi MiG fighter activity inside the no-fly zones, a clear violation of the post-Gulf war arrangement. Around the same time, Iraq moved armored units and infantry to within artillery range of Irbil, the Kurdish regional capital. Kurds hoped the Bush administration would take the cue and respond to the provocations militarily. But the Bush administration has done no such thing.

In fact, the rare moments of American toughness only underscore the Kurds' chronic disappointment. On February 16, 2001, U.S. jets pounded Iraqi radar installations outside Baghdad after Iraqi anti-aircraft batteries targeted no-fly-zone patrols. I was working out at the University of Dohuk's gymnasium when the news first came in. "Finally, the U.S. shows it is serious," a businessman remarked, a view repeated by others. But faced with State Department criticism, President George W. Bush never repeated the operation despite continued Iraqi noncompliance, in effect signaling to Saddam that the new administration was unwilling to consistently back up its bluster with action.

The Kurds have also lost faith because successive American administrations have hedged on commitments for the sake of legalism. In August 1996 (and on subsequent occasions as well) Washington refused to respond when Iraqi helicopters moved north of the thirty-sixth parallel—since technically the no-fly zone applies only to fixed-wing aircraft. But that distinction makes little sense to the Kurds, who see little substantive difference in being strafed by Iraqi planes, shot by Iraqi helicopters, or machine-gunned by Iraqi armor. The Kurds are also frustrated by Washington's inconsistent interpretation of the boundaries of the Kurdish safe haven. Initially it was 36 square miles and centered on the town of Zakho—though it later expanded to include Dohuk as well, bringing the total area to a much larger 3,600 square miles. In October 1991 Saddam withdrew his administration from huge swaths of territory in an attempt to starve the recalcitrant Kurds into submission; his food and fuel blockade failed, and the Kurds filled the vacuum, expanding their control to nearly 15,500 square miles. If Saddam orders his forces to attack that expanded territory, the Kurds worry that the United States might say it has no obligation to protect anything beyond Dohuk and Zakho, putting more than three million Iraqi Kurds outside those two cities at risk. Successive U.S. administrations have failed to clarify their position on how exactly they define the safe haven, leaving Iraqi Kurds confused about and unimpressed by Washington's so-called red lines.

If Bush is serious about finishing Saddam, he needs to do more than opine about the "axis of evil." He must give clear guarantees of military support and protection to the Iraqis on the ground who will bear the brunt of the fighting, whether as combatants or bystanders. Bush must also let Saddam know that use of chemical weapons against Iraqi civilians (i.e., the Kurds) will draw the same massive retaliation as the use of chemical weapons against American forces. Only then will he have a chance of convincing Kurdish leaders to assist U.S. regime-change plans in Iraq. As Talabani told me over breakfast in his Sulaymaniyah office last year, "The United States ... has a role, and will have a role if—and put two lines under that 'if'—if the United States is serious." So far the Bush administration hasn't even put one line. ■

The Bushies bungle South Asia.

Silent Partner

By Lawrence F. Kaplan

When it comes to U.S. foreign policy, it's not true that September 11 changed everything. In the case of America's relationship with its cold war client Pakistan, it actually restored the status quo. In the months before September 11, relations between Washington and Islamabad rapidly soured as the Bush team became enthralled with India—a country that, unlike Pakistan, offered a valuable market, a democracy, and a potential strategic partner against China. Last summer

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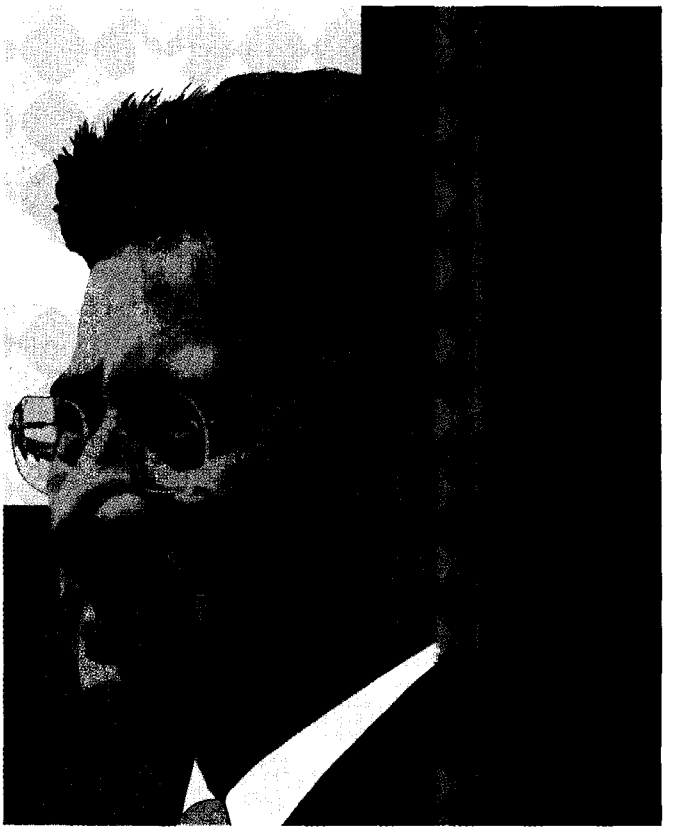
Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage lumped Pakistan in with other "rogue states"; announced that our cold war friendship with the country was a "false relationship"; and worried about its nuclear program, while expressing no similar concern about India's. But September 11, and the need for Pakistani cooperation in Afghanistan, moved the clock back to the cold war. Since then, President George W. Bush has lauded Pakistani autocrat Pervez Musharraf as a "leader with great courage and vision"; Secretary of State Colin Powell has praised his "courage and foresight"; and State Department officials have likened him to Ataturk.

They were closer to the truth the first time: In their rush to reembrace Pakistan as an ally against the Taliban and Al Qaeda, for months American policymakers willfully disregarded evidence that Musharraf has been a less-than-reliable partner. Hence, the Bush administration has greeted with silence Musharraf's rejection of its demand that he impose order along Afghanistan's lawless border. Pressed to account for that refusal last month, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld lamely explained that Pakistan is "a sovereign nation." Silence, too, has followed Musharraf's refusal to hand over the central suspect in the murder of *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl and to provide American investigators full access to Pakistani nuclear scientists believed to have had contacts with Al Qaeda. And the Bush team barely uttered a peep when Musharraf rigged a referendum extending his rule two months ago. But when it comes to Musharraf's refusal to stanch the flow of terrorists into Kashmir—a refusal that explains why South Asia now teeters on the brink of war—the Bush administration has been worse than mute. It has responded with ostentatious praise.

"YOU HAVE TO give him credit," Powell said of Musharraf's effort to halt Kashmiri terrorism in January; and in New Delhi one week later Powell asked his Indian hosts to give the general a "chance." Bush, too, has pressed India to "let Musharraf bring terrorists to justice," adding that the Pakistani leader has been "responding forcefully and actively to bring those who would harm others to justice" and "cracking down hard" on terrorists. Or as a Pentagon official put it to *The New York Times* in January, "The United States thinks that Musharraf is for real and has undertaken fundamental changes. We have been trying to persuade the Indians to take 'yes' for an answer." But "yes" was never Musharraf's answer at all. And by pretending for so many months that it was, the Bush administration may have brought the two countries closer to war.

The claim that Musharraf has been "cracking down hard" on cross-border terrorism was always a questionable proposition. After Pakistani terrorists attacked the Indian parliament last December, prompting India to mass troops along the Pakistani border in response, Musharraf heeded the Bush team's demands by arresting extremists at home and by condemning terrorism in a nationally televised speech. But no sooner had the crisis passed—and the parade of administration officials shuttling back and forth between New Delhi and Islamabad came to a halt, as the Bush team turned its attention to the Middle East—when the Pakistani



JOHN RITTER

dictator reverted to type. The general has since released almost all the militants he rounded up in January. He has refused to hand over to India 20 terrorists linked to the attack on its parliament, and he still touts his support for "the Kashmiri struggle for liberation." Most important, administration officials concede that the flow of militants—which had subsided when snow blocked infiltration routes from Pakistan during the winter—has resumed with the spring thaw. In fact, just three weeks ago, Pakistani-backed militants murdered 34 Indians at an army base in Kashmir.

IF THE BUSH administration has averted its gaze to Pakistani malfeasance, it hasn't been for lack of warning by Indian officials. As early as last December, Indian Prime Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee complained bitterly about being subjected to American "sermons about restraint" while Washington turned a blind eye to Musharraf's antics. On a trip to New Delhi three weeks ago, Assistant Secretary of State Christina Rocca was ambushed by officials from India's foreign ministry, who told her they were exasperated by U.S. admonitions for restraint and were tired of Washington's "double standards." One week later Indian Defense Secretary Yogendra Narain conveyed the same message to Armitage and Rumsfeld. "We told them that our patience [had] almost come to an end, and what Musharraf had promised in his January twelfth speech, he has not lived up to it," Narain said after meeting with his American counterparts. "We also felt that the U.S. had not done enough to control or advise Pakistan on this issue." And last week Foreign Minister Jaswant Singh went so far as to declare that the presence of U.S. forces at Pakistani bases would not

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be "an inhibiting factor in [India's] policy determinations."

Brahma Chellaney, an Indian strategist with close ties to the government, believes the present crisis might not have arisen had the Bush administration responded more forcefully to ample evidence of Pakistani misconduct. "So eager has the Bush team been to win Musharraf's cooperation," says Chellaney, "that until last week they did not press him on the issue of cross-border terrorism against India." Hence, officials in New Delhi reacted furiously when Rocca repeated Washington's praise for Musharraf last month. In fact, it was only after Rocca conveyed their anger by telephone to Powell, who in turn informed the White House, that the crisis received Cabinet-level attention—with Bush placing a call to Vajpayee, and national security adviser Condoleezza Rice phoning her Indian counterpart, Principal Secretary Brajesh Mishra.

The Indians particularly distrust Powell, who even members of the Bush team admit has established a kinship of "fellow generals" with Musharraf. The chumminess has been noticed in Delhi, too, particularly since Powell has repeated Musharraf's contention that Kashmir is the core issue in Indo-Pakistani relations—something India denies. "The Bush administration and particularly Secretary of State Powell [have made] Musharraf feel that they go to great lengths to please him," complains Gopalaswami Parthasarathy, India's former high commissioner to Pakistan. "General Musharraf was so sure of United States support that he blatantly rigged a referendum and has continued to aid terrorists in Jammu and Kashmir." One of the reasons the White House dispatched Rumsfeld to South Asia this week rather than Powell was precisely, as one senior administration official puts it, "to show that we take this very seriously."

THE PERCEPTION OF American bias has been made worse by the reality of American ineptitude. "The administration doesn't have a plan, just a crisis management policy," says The Brookings Institution's Stephen Cohen, author of *India: Emerging Power*. "They haven't been engaged at all." After meeting with Musharraf in February, Bush said, "I hope we can facilitate serious and meaningful dialogue between India and Pakistan"—this, despite the fact that India loudly opposes third-party intervention. The next day, however, Rice said, "[W]e don't believe this is something that mediation or facilitation is going to help." In a similar vein, the National Security Council's director for Asian affairs, Harry Thomas, announced in March that Pakistan should either try suspected terrorists or hand them over to India. A week later the State Department said that was a matter for the countries themselves to decide.

Adding to the disarray, relations between the American Embassies in India and Pakistan have become almost as tense as relations between the two countries themselves. Wendy Chamberlain, the U.S. ambassador to Pakistan, and Robert Blackwill, the U.S. ambassador to India, have spent the last few months bombarding Washington with cables—arguing, in Chamberlain's case, that Musharraf has done everything in his power to halt incursions into Kashmir and, in Blackwill's case, that he has done nothing of the sort. According to one official, "Their reporting completely distorts our picture of what's happening on the ground." And if the presence of Chamberlain and Blackwill has confused administration policy, their sudden absence could muddle the picture further: Chamberlain has just vacated her post to join her children in the United States, and Blackwill—the subject of a State Department inspector-general review for what an official called in *The Washington Post* "treat[ing] his staff like furniture"—may soon be departing the region as well.

BUT THIS MUCH *is* clear: The Bush team needs a new road map for South Asia. U.S. officials readily concede that if war breaks out on the subcontinent it will be because India invades to counter Pakistani provocations in Kashmir. The obvious administration strategy, then, would simply be to address the source of India's complaint. After all, the Bush team knows the charge has merit: "Musharraf," says an official directly involved in managing U.S.-Pakistani relations, "could clamp down on infiltration in a minute if he wanted to. He's certainly done so before." Even the Clinton team, which generally made a hash of South Asia policy, understood the proximate cause of Kashmir's woes. In a recent paper published by the Center for the Advanced Study of India at the University of Pennsylvania, Bruce Riedel, a special assistant to the president, recounts Bill Clinton's response when faced with the possibility of a nuclear exchange over Kashmir in 1999. Reasoning that to do otherwise would reward Pakistani aggression in Kashmir, Clinton placed the blame squarely where it belonged—publicly demanding a Pakistani withdrawal from Indian-controlled Kashmir; assuring Vajpayee that he was "holding firm on demanding the withdrawal [of Pakistani troops] to the [line of control]"; and turning down repeated pleas to intercede with India on Islamabad's behalf. The Pakistanis backed down.

Today, of course, there is a new ingredient in the mix: America's need for Pakistan's assistance in flushing out Al Qaeda forces. But that imperative hardly justified the Bush team's boundless solicitude for Musharraf. Having created and sponsored the very government that harbored bin Laden, Pakistan had little choice last fall but to cooperate with the United States in the war on terror or face its wrath—a message Armitage bluntly conveyed to Pakistan's intelligence chief last September. To do otherwise would have led to Pakistan's international isolation, wrecked its already spiraling economy, and—as Musharraf himself argued—drawn Washington and New Delhi closer than ever. The logic still holds true. Rather than coddle Pakistan, then, the administration might take New Delhi's warnings a bit more seriously. Alas, even today many in the administration suspect that India's current buildup is aimed merely at frightening them into applying pressure on Pakistan. "This is really a case of the boy who cried wolf," says a senior State Department official. "[India's] strategy ever since September eleventh has been to prevent us from getting too cozy with Pakistan, and so they're always complaining about Musharraf and threatening to take action if we don't." But it really shouldn't take a war to get Washington's attention. ■

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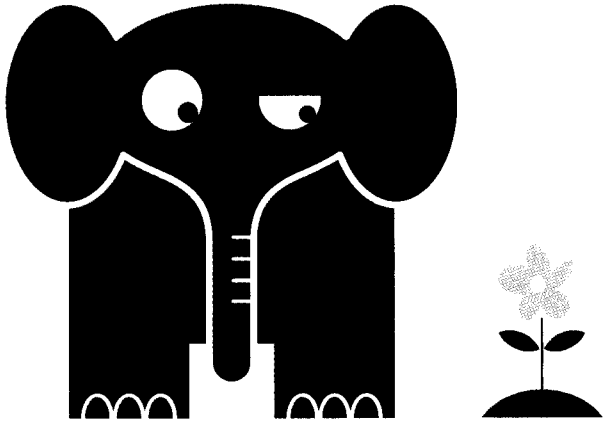
The political reeducation of George Pataki.

Liberal Arts

By NOAM SCHEIBER

IT'S PROBABLY FAIR to say that most of the people attending the New York State Conservative Party's fortieth-anniversary dinner last month came for one reason only: Vice President Dick Cheney. But if, like most of the journalists and half of the guests, they filed out of the midtown Sheraton ballroom shortly after Cheney's speech, they missed the most entertaining part of the evening. Around 8:30 p.m., after dessert had been served and all the VIPs had been introduced (from Al D'Amato down to Dinner Finance Chairman Sal Catucci), conservative patriarch William F. Buckley strode to the lectern and began reflecting, in his usual semi-coherent style on the party's four-decades-long history.

At least that summarizes the first minute or so of Buckley's remarks. After that, Buckley dropped the historiography in favor of an extended needling of the party's likely nominee for governor—incumbent George Pataki—next to whom he'd been seated for most of the evening. On and on Buckley droned, reaching back to Pataki's refusal, while an undergrad at Yale, to endorse a Buckley-sponsored resolution against civil rights at the university's political union, fast-forwarding to the governor's promiscuous spending habits, and culminating with *National Review*'s recent observation that "the only abortion law George Pataki would ever oppose was one that threatened the rights of gays and lesbians."



No one imagined it would come to this. When George Pataki first ran for governor in 1994, he sounded like a conservative's dream come true. Embracing the legacy of Ronald Reagan, the Republican Pataki edged out then-Governor Mario Cuomo thanks to some 300,000 additional votes he picked up on the Conservative Party line. (Candidates for local and statewide office in New York can, and often do, run as the nominees of more than one party.) Throughout the campaign, Pataki railed against the "failed liberal policies" of the Cuomo era and ran commercials that concluded with the words, "Mario Cuomo: Too liberal for too long." He promised to slash government spending, to cut income taxes by an unheard-of 25 percent, to force people on welfare to work, and to pass the death-penalty legislation Cuomo had vetoed each of the previous twelve years.

But since taking office, the conservatism Pataki espoused in 1994 has become less and less politically tenable. Back then—before Newt Gingrich made the GOP seem radical and Dick Morris made the Democrats seem moderate—New York state had 1.3 million more registered Democrats than Republicans. Today that margin stands at nearly two million. Perhaps more important still, the Republican machines that once dominated Long Island politics have collapsed, leaving the party with almost no infrastructure downstate. For Republican candidates, the results have been catastrophic: Since 1998 Pataki and his lieutenant governor, Mary Donohue, are the only Republicans to have won a statewide election.

And yet even in this context, conservatives are amazed at the extent of the governor's reinvention. "What people are surprised at is not that he moved to the center," says Tom Carroll, a former Pataki aide who now heads the conservative advocacy group Change-NY, "but that he kept going." As early as 1998, conservatives began complaining that Pataki's budgets were more lavish, in inflation-adjusted terms, than Cuomo's, and that near-double-digit spending increases were strangling economic growth. Since then, the state budget has only grown more generous. In the last few years Pataki has signed off on large increases in education spending, a costly prescription-drug program, and vast construction projects at the state's universities. And to pay for these outlays, he's had to increase revenue. Though Pataki claims to have cut taxes some 58 times as governor, stealth tax increases elsewhere in the budget—such as those on tobacco—and rising local taxes on everything from property to cell-phone use, have offset many of the more recent cuts.

Pataki has repositioned himself on social issues as well. Though never a devout culture warrior, Pataki won over social conservatives in 1994 with his strong support of the death penalty and welfare reform. But with those two issues now off the table—Pataki reinstituted the death penalty in 1995 and President Bill Clinton signed welfare reform in 1996—the governor's social agenda has become decidedly left of center. Last year he successfully lobbied the Environ-

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mental Protection Agency for an extremely costly dredging of the Hudson River, which environmentalists claim is contaminated with toxic PCBs. (Many conservatives dispute the need for dredging.) In the months before, he'd spoken out in favor of gay rights; fought for sweeping gun-control legislation; personally protested the military's bombing tests in Vieques, Puerto Rico; and formally proposed repealing the strict Rockefeller-era drug laws—the primary conservative legacy of the state's notoriously liberal Republican governor. Recently Pataki aides have begun joking to reporters that he could probably win the *Democratic* nomination for governor. But with possible Democratic nominee Andrew Cuomo angling to run as a fiscal moderate, that's not an entirely implausible suggestion.

Pataki, in fact, represents a kind of experiment in whether it's possible for a conservative to win in the Northeast. Between 1993 and 1994—when he along with Christine Todd Whitman, Tom Ridge, and John Rowland swept to victory in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut—the answer appeared to be yes. And that answer fueled the GOP's hopes of becoming America's majority party. At various points during the '90s Pataki, Ridge, and Whitman all figured prominently into parlor games about likely Republican vice presidential, or even presidential, candidates. But less than five years later Whitman is a pariah in the GOP, Rowland faces a fiscal crisis largely of his own creation, and Pataki is practically running to the left of his Democratic opponents. Even Ridge, the most conservative of the bunch, was publicly vetoed for the GOP vice presidential nomination in 2000 because he wasn't unambiguously anti-abortion. Republicans still survive in the increasingly Democratic Northeast, but they're doing so by abandoning wholesale the principles that animate the GOP in the rest of the country. So while Pataki's peculiar reelection may not kill hopes of a Republican majority, it does show that the party will have to sacrifice any semblance of ideological coherence in order to achieve it.

THOUGH THERE IS some debate as to whether the early, Reaganesque George Pataki was motivated primarily by ideology or by political expedience, he gave conservatives little cause to complain during his days as a legislator. In his eight years in the state Assembly, Pataki was one of four young legislators—including future Republican Representative Bill Paxon, future Assembly Republican Leader John Faso, and future New York state regulatory czar Robert King—who served as ideological counterweights to the free-spending habits of Democrats and liberal Republicans. As Carroll recalls fondly, "These four people on a rotating basis were kind of the loyal opposition.... Other people were conservative, but those were the four firebrands."

Pataki was intent on playing this same role when he entered the state Senate in 1993. The problem was that the GOP held the majority there; and few Republicans had ever resisted the various carrots and sticks Majority Leader Ralph Marino employed to win support for Cuomo's bloated budgets. That is, until Pataki showed up. Citing his philosophical objection to the 1993 budget's tax increases, the freshman became one of the first Senate Republicans in almost 20 years to vote against the annual budget deal. "It was extremely courageous for him to vote against the budget," says State Senator Michael Nozzolio, who served with Pataki in the Assembly and entered the Senate with him in 1993. "The pressure from the majority leader was extreme."

Courageous or not, Pataki's vote was exquisitely calculated. As King told *The New York Times* during the 1994 campaign, "We talked repeatedly about what it would take to run for governor.... The first thing was to win a seat in the Senate and vote against the budget. Our joke was that after you ... were dispossessed of your office, you could hold your first press conference out in the hall of the Capitol saying, 'Now I'm going to run for governor because things have to be done differently here.'"

During his first few years as governor, Pataki remained true to his conservative pedigree. He quickly proposed, and signed into law, the long-abandoned death-penalty measure. His first budget plan called for $1.9 billion worth of cuts in Medicaid and welfare spending, which would be used to help narrow the $4 billion-plus deficit he inherited from Cuomo and to pay for the four-year, $14 billion income tax cut he'd promised on the campaign trail. And while the final spending numbers in his first budget drifted higher than he'd originally intended, and the tax cut ended up at roughly half its original amount, Pataki won high marks for his determination. The following year, when the governor followed through with $2 billion in tax cuts and reduced state spending again (though the overall budget increased slightly once federal subsidies were included), conservatives became downright dreamy-eyed. "We were very happy with the governor," remembers Mike Long, the Conservative Party's influential state chairman.

But as much as any legislative initiative, what truly vaulted Pataki into the conservative firmament was a 1995 speech he gave at The Heritage Foundation entitled, "Federalism on the Hudson: The Empire State Strikes Back." "Our opponents believed in control and regulation and redistribution of wealth by government elites," the governor told the Heritage faithful. "We believed in individual freedom and personal responsibility and the unbounded riches only a free and creative people can create." By the time Pataki had finished, the audience could have been forgiven for thinking that Reagan himself had appeared before them in the form of a lanky Hungarian from Peekskill. "It was more Reagan than Reagan," crows Carroll.

AND THEN THINGS started to change. By late 1996 the buoyant economy was fattening state coffers faster than even the most optimistic forecasters had expected, making it possible to cut taxes, increase spending, and still run a surplus. Meanwhile, the combination of a rising economic tide and aggressive law enforcement was helping to depress crime, while welfare reform at the state and national levels was sending masses of people off the rolls for the first time in a generation. The frustrations that had swept conservatives into office throughout the Northeast were suddenly evaporating.

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This put Republicans in a bind. Those who remained in office found it increasingly difficult to remain true to their principles. In neighboring Connecticut, for example, Republican Governor John Rowland—who in his 1994 campaign vowed to repeal the state income tax—has spent the last few years championing large spending increases for education, prescription drugs, urban renewal, job training, and care for the mentally ill. Meanwhile, those who left—administration hires like Whitman and Ridge—have either been succeeded by Democrats (Jim McGreevey in New Jersey) or by candidates facing uphill battles this fall (Republican gubernatorial nominee Mike Fisher in Pennsylvania). Only in Massachusetts are Republicans likely to nominate a candidate, Winter Olympics impresario Mitt Romney, who both fits the national party ideologically and stands a reasonable chance of winning. But even Romney is far from a sure thing. Now that the luster of his Olympic success is wearing off, the field of Democrats is digging into what was once a double-digit lead. One recent poll has the Democratic front-runner leading Romney by five points in a head-to-head matchup.

BUT NOWHERE HAS this regional shift leftward been starker than in New York. For the last half-century, New York politics have adhered to a cycle of liberal entrenchment, followed by liberal overreach and then conservative reaction, and ending with complacency. In the 1960s liberal Republican icons like Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Senator Jacob Javits, and New York City Mayor John Lindsay dominated the political landscape, presiding over vast expansions of the welfare state as well as increases in crime and urban blight. By 1970 frustration at these excesses had grown so great that the Conservative Party candidate, James Buckley, garnered more than 2 million votes en route to victory in a three-way race for the U.S. Senate. Then in 1980 a little-known Hempstead, Long Island, town executive by the name of Alfonse D'Amato toppled Javits in the Republican primary. D'Amato hammered away relentlessly at the dozens of liberal votes the incumbent had cast over the years—among them votes against the B-1 bomber, and in favor of an equal rights amendment, federal abortion funding, and defense spending cuts. It worked brilliantly. D'Amato's Reaganite platform not only won him the primary, but the general election as well.

The problem is that once the excesses of the '60s and '70s were curbed, New York voters, who are by and large moderate to liberal, began to lose their appetite for conservatism. Long recalls, "Before we elected Jim Buckley our clubhouses were full. We elected Jim Buckley, and it's almost like everyone went back to sleep." In 1976 Buckley lost his Senate seat to Daniel Patrick Moynihan after a single term. And though D'Amato comfortably won reelection in 1986, he did so against an incredibly weak Democratic opponent, Mark Green—and only after spending his first term directing unprecedented amounts of pork to his constituents.

Most Empire State conservatives appreciate this. "You have to be cognizant of the fact that there are two million more Democrats than Republicans in New York," concedes State Senator Serphin Maltese, a former head of the Conservative Party who now identifies as a Republican. What many don't understand is how Pataki went from being conservative to being downright liberal. "I think his political people pushed him too far, which has created this image problem now," says Long.

BUT PATAKI'S TRANSFORMATION reflects a key—and, for the national GOP, disturbing—reality about New York politics: It's easier to win statewide as a liberal Republican than as a moderate one. The reason has to do with the state's unique demographic and geographic features. According to the standard heuristic, New York is really three separate states. Upstate is a swath of traditional heartland—skeptical of government and taxes, culturally conservative. The relatively affluent New York City suburbs, like Long Island and Westchester County, are not anti-government in principle but anti-government when the government appears to be serving people other than them (and those *other people* are often conceived in racial terms). And, of course, the city is the city—dominated by affluent liberals and the left-wing poor. The practical effect is that in periods of liberal overreach, a conservative Republican can patch together a coalition of upstaters and suburbanites with an anti-"tax and spending" message. But as Carroll points out, the second you take your first step leftward, you begin to depress the large upstate turnout necessary to offset huge losses in the city. If you then move further left to compensate for those losses with gains in the city, you're suddenly caught in a vicious cycle. The further left you move, the greater your defections upstate. And the greater your defections upstate, the further to the left you have to move. Pretty soon you're, well, George Pataki.

In fact, Pataki's experience conforms remarkably well to this model. In 1994 he not only won nearly 60 percent of the upstate vote, but he rode a turnout as high as 85 percent in much of the region. Along the way, Pataki benefited both from resentment at the expansion of government during the Cuomo years, and from the specific perception that state spending favored the city while shortchanging the rest of the state. Indeed, former New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani's late-October endorsement of Cuomo seemed to bear this perception out. A few days after the endorsement, Giuliani released a budget that stuck the state with the tab for more than $100 million in social spending. Pataki responded by barnstorming upstate and the suburbs, condemning what he described as an insidious "deal." "Mario Cuomo has been using taxpayer money to save his job and buy votes," Pataki charged. In the days following the endorsement, most polls showed support for Cuomo surging. But during the campaign's final week, Pataki's ability to exploit the upstate/downstate division helped win him the election.

Unfortunately for Pataki, two factors have undermined the upstate-suburban coalition that carried him to victory in 1994. First, the decline in crime and welfare combined with gross mismanagement at the local level have undone the GOP's stranglehold over the suburbs. For years Nassau County—D'Amato's base—was widely regarded as the most powerful Republican machine in the country—and perhaps the most powerful political machine of any kind outside Chicago. But in 1999 the county legislature fell into Democra-

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tic hands amid one of the worst local fiscal crises in history. Second, the long-suffering upstate region continued to resist the upward economic trends of the '90s and as a result has suffered a steady out-migration—almost half a percent per year in the late '90s. Much of the migration, moreover, has occurred among the better-educated people whose frustration with overtaxation and overregulation helped elect Pataki in 1994. "When you look at the population upstate . . . the only place you see any positive change is if someone puts a jail there," laments local political historian Jim Chapin. And as the economically marginal comprise a larger and larger proportion of the region, upstate has actually become more receptive to liberal, Democratic appeals. (Witness the successes of Hillary Clinton and Chuck Schumer, who won 47 percent and 45 percent of the upstate vote in their 2000 and 1998 U.S. Senate campaigns, respectively.) All of which is to say that when Pataki, who had already moderated his tone somewhat, looked at his 1998 reelection returns and saw he'd won only 54 percent of the vote against an incredibly weak candidate, the implication was clear: reinvent himself as a liberal or be content with two terms as governor.

PATAKI'S LEFTWARD THRUST is really two strategies in one. The first is to cut deals with traditionally Democratic unions, whose leaders will endorse—and whose members will vote for—whichever politician satisfies their demands for higher wages and benefits. Pataki and the state have paid handsomely—hence the escalating state budgets of the last few years.

To conservatives, the most galling example of this strategy is the accommodation Pataki recently reached with the powerful New York City hospital workers' union leader, Dennis Rivera. (At the Conservative Party dinner, Buckley accused Pataki of making the state "a wholly owned subsidiary" of Rivera's union.) It would be a gross understatement to say that Rivera—whose past political activity has included collaborating with Al Sharpton to back the mayoral candidacy of Bronx Borough President Fernando Ferrer and supporting liberal bogeymen like Jerry Brown and Jesse Jackson—is an unlikely ally for a onetime Reaganite like Pataki. And yet two months after Pataki came through with $1.8 billion in pay increases for his local 1199, Rivera threw his notoriously disciplined 200,000-member union behind the governor's campaign. "I'm a Democrat," Rivera said after announcing his endorsement in March. "On the other hand, I have to recognize that Governor Pataki has been incredibly helpful to the health care union."

And already the Rivera deal has been incredibly helpful to Pataki. In negotiating it, Pataki aides got to know Rivera adviser Greg Tarpinian, a longtime labor operative and hitherto militant lefty. Once the agreement with the hospital workers was consummated, Tarpinian agreed to come aboard the Pataki campaign as a paid labor consultant. He's been paying dividends ever since. Not long after Rivera's endorsement in March, the president of the Uniformed Sanitation Men's Association coughed up an endorsement of his own. Since then, the Teamsters have followed suit; traditionally hard-core Democratic unions like the textile workers and the United Federation of Teachers are expected to fall in line in the coming months. Tarpinian assured me recently that he has "virtually nothing to do with" the recent endorsements. ("My role is to advise the campaign on how to best utilize labor support," he says.) But labor insiders sense his involvement in the deals, which, all told, could cost the state tens of millions of dollars in new contracts.

The second dimension of Pataki's strategy is to appeal to liberal New York City voters by recasting himself as a social progressive. To this end, Pataki has in the last several months championed gun control, gay rights, and an end to bombing at Vieques. But even with these high-profile liberal concessions, Pataki aides worry about registered Democrats who, as Tarpinian puts it, "feel uncomfortable voting Republican but want to vote for the governor." So in addition to Pataki's liberal stands, there is a more subtle, procedural dimension to the strategy: His aides are positioning him to win the New York Independence Party nomination, which would allow Democrats to vote for the governor without technically voting for a Republican.

That nomination could be a poisoned chalice, however. New York's Independence Party is a freakish amalgam that includes disaffected upstate conservatives and militant black leftists from New York City, the latter of whom are led by former fringe presidential candidate Lenora Fulani, who is accused of having made anti-Semitic comments in the past (see "Coming Soon to a Presidential Campaign Near You," by David Grann, TNR, December 13, 1999). Given Fulani's post-9/11 comments blaming the terrorist attacks on "how America has positioned itself in the world," the nomination could do Pataki more harm than good. But perhaps the greater concern is that, having aggressively pursued the nomination, Pataki could lose it to wealthy Rochester businessman and party founder Tom Golisano. According to one adviser, Golisano may spend a whopping $75 million on his campaign. And with his fiscal-conservative message, he could exploit the anti-Pataki sentiment that's been brewing within state's right wing—potentially splitting the Republican vote enough to hand the race to Andrew Cuomo or the other Democratic contender, State Comptroller Carl McCall.

But while possible, such a scenario is remote. Almost every week brings the governor another high-profile endorsement. Pataki's approval rating stands at 70 percent, and polls show him leading both McCall and Cuomo by some 30 points. For the national GOP, the real conundrum isn't a Pataki loss—which might serve as a cautionary tale of the dangers of betraying conservative principle; it's a Pataki win—which could convince a whole breed of Northeastern Republicans that the path to continued survival is old-fashioned liberalism.

Over the next decade the growing political presence of Hispanics, and the increasingly Democratic voting habits of educated suburbanites, may well conspire to put the Sunbelt more and more in play for Democrats. Republicans could find themselves on the wrong side of these long-term demographic trends unless they find offsetting ways to become competitive in the Northeast and West Coast. In 1994 Pataki seemed to be doing just that, and his party was jubilant. Today he's doing it again—but this time national Republicans can't help wondering whether it's coming at their expense. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Out of the Ordinary

THE TITLE OF Jill Sprecher's film **Thirteen Conversations About One Thing** (Sony Pictures Classics) presumably bounces off the title of Wallace Stevens's poem "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird," and, in seriousness at least, the film has a claim to that bounce. Stevens, in thirteen stanzas, describes how the simple act of looking at that bird can be multifold, subject to differing sensibilities. Sprecher, who wrote the screenplay of her film with her sister Karen, has a differing aim: she wants to show us a circumstance of life that touches or buffets us all. A further interesting difference: though Stevens is not schoolmasterly specific, it is much easier to infer his theme than Sprecher's "one thing." Oddly enough, this makes the film tantalizing.

Sprecher strengthens her intent by, I'd say, turning from literary impetus to music. *Thirteen Conversations* was conceived in a certain key, which is maintained throughout, with sufficient variation to forestall monotony yet with enough fidelity to keep the film whole. The best music, it seems to this listener, is conceived in key: the composer does not dream up themes and then speculate about the key. (Place the opening of Mozart's Symphony no. 40 in a key other than G minor—something that a musician once showed me on a piano—and it becomes something else.) The basis of the art in Sprecher's film is that from the start she knew the tone, the scale of acting, the timbre of dialogue—the key—that the film needed in order to be itself.

Her success is all the more striking because her materials are, quite deliberately, common. Mozart's symphony has themes that seem too miraculous to have been conceived by a human being, but Sprecher's materials are out of the subway and the hotel room and the business office. Yet she treats them as if she were composing chamber music, transmuting their diurnality into woodwind quintessences. (As if to support this impression, the score by Alex Wurman uses relatively few instruments: it is lyric, flowing, almost tinkly at times.)

The screenplay is divided into sections—thirteen, I suppose, though I lost count—each of which is preceded by a caption. Most of these captions are quotations from dialogue that we have already heard. This process not only helps to weave the episodes into a fabric, it also underscores the fact that past and present are maneuverable here. Sometimes we approach, from another angle, an event that has already happened; sometimes we return to something in the past that is now treated as the present.

What helps the quietly abstract quality of this realistic film is that all the characters are living lives in ways that seem mundane but conceal tensions. The place is New York. Alan Arkin, a minor official at a business giant, has personal difficulties with his small staff and with his druggie son. Matthew McConaughey, a rising assistant district attorney, gets involved in a car accident and hides his involvement. John Turturro, a married professor seemingly in a clockwork life, is having an affair with another professor. (Barbara Sukowa, the marvel of such German films as *Rosa Luxemburg* and *Marianne and Juliane*, is briefly seen as his lover.) They and others are forced to ponder their lives deeply while they keep living them. And all of the actors, with Sprecher's guidance, play like a chamber ensemble, understanding the "sound" and texture of the whole work.

What is the "one thing" about which they are all fundamentally conversing? Sprecher is careful not to italicize, though she provides chances to speculate. Love? Luck? Irreversibility (the theme of one of the professor's lectures)? My own choice would be the idea—now almost quaint—of design. We can all remember when belief in the design of life was regnant; we all know some who still believe in it, some who disbelieve, and some who disbelieve but feel cheated by their disbelief. This querying of design has an intrinsic irony in art. Beckett wrote plays about nullity, but his beautiful plays are not null. Sprecher's film questioning the credibility of design is itself delicately designed.

The Sprecher sisters deserve special appreciation for the dialogue here. It is never high-flown: it is well-modeled, unhusked, stained with the lives that produced it. The Sprechers have made one previous film, *Clockwatchers* (1997), which I missed but which has been described as a dark comedy about the secret hellish life of office workers. *Thirteen Conversations* is the product of artists rooted in and growing from such concerns.

There are two film worlds. First is the one in which most of us live, seeing the films that come our way via the usual systems of release. The second includes the first but is much larger: this is the world in which thousands of film-makers around the globe work fervently for an audience that they know will be small. The second group knows all about the first, though not vice versa, and is out to supplement the first, if it can.

The existence of this schism is one chief reason for the Human Rights Watch International Film Festival, which in its thirteenth annual appearance brings thirty-three films from fifteen countries. Once again this festival reminds us—and sorry it is that we need reminding—that the second world exists. Every film festival, except the arrant show-biz breed, accomplishes some of that goal: this present festival concentrates on it. (Current difficulties in distribution are such that films by Costa-Gavras and Ken Loach are among the thirty-three.) The latest bill plays at the Walter Reade Theater in New York from June 12 to June 27 and will then play elsewhere, including Houston, Denver, and Portland, in the fall.

I have seen three of the latest group, all of which are of value to anyone who cares about film and the human race. (Myself, I'm beginning to favor the former.) **Good Husband, Dear Son** (Ideale) is a documentary by the Peruvian-Dutch director Heddy Honigmann. It reminds us that when the media leave a place that was "hot" for a time, history doesn't leave with the television people. Honigmann takes us lately to the village of Ahatovici near Sarajevo and shows us how people are managing their lives now, recovering or not in the aftermath of the Bosnian war.

Another documentary, **The Children of Russia** (Tibidabo) by Jaime Camino, presents a story unknown to most of us. In 1936 or so, in the early days of the Spanish Civil War, more than three thousand children of Loyalist families were sent by their parents to the Soviet Union, which welcomed them to protect them from Franco forces. Most were well treated as children and were later put to work in factories. When they came home in the 1950s to a fascist Spain, they naturally

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had troubles. Some went on to Cuba; a few of them stayed put. The survivors who are interviewed here are like pages of an overlooked history.

Get a Life (Gemini) is a fiction film by the experienced Portuguese director João Canijo. His subject is another group of exiles: his countrymen who left Portugal in the early 1970s to escape local fascism and settled in a housing project on the outskirts of Paris. Like other alien groups in such projects, they are exploited and harried, but since many of them are now French-born they are reluctant to leave. Rita Blanco, a strong actress who reminds me of Irene Papas, plays the mother of a boy who is murdered by police. She tries to organize a demonstration against police brutality and meets more of it. Canijo, often with a handheld camera, takes us right into the core of a small world still ethnically united but societally adrift.

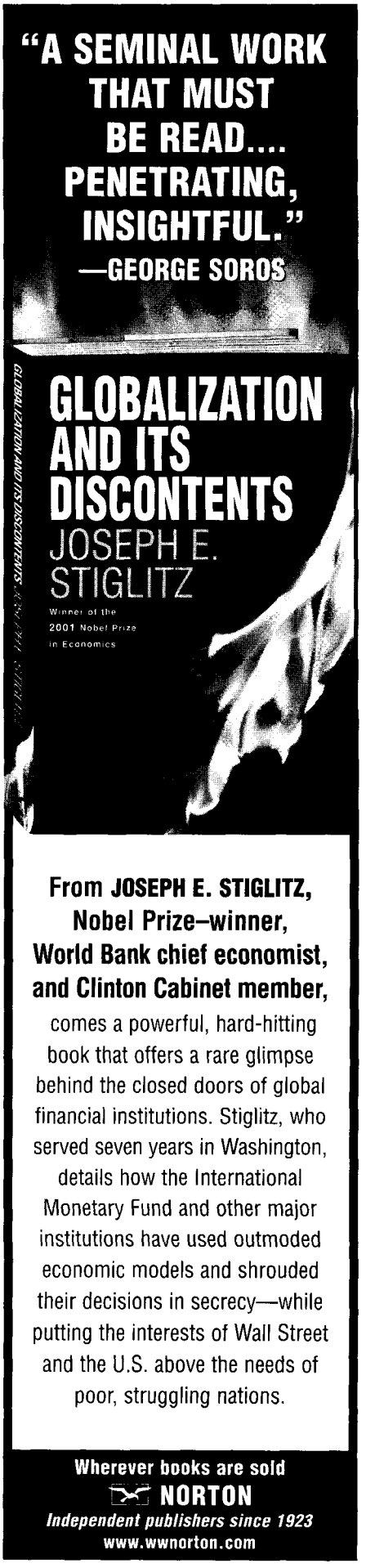
Strength!—not only to the film-makers in this festival but to their colleagues everywhere. ■

Jed Perl on Art
Learning to Draw

Of all the fierce debates that have ripped through the art world since the early 1960s, when the public went wild over the deadpan photo-mechanical look of Lichtenstein's cartoon canvases and Warhol's soup cans and movie stars, none has been more fundamental than the debate over the value and the meaning of drawing. The question, in its most basic form, has been whether drawing, the cultivation of the imagination through the hand's manipulation of pencil or pen or some other graphic instrument, is really an essential part of an artist's vocation any longer. Like so many important artistic debates, this debate eventually grew muffled, at least for the ever-growing public that believes that the snow shovel Duchamp purchased at a hardware store and dubbed a "readymade" was probably more essential to twentieth-century art than Picasso's Cubist canvases. If art can be bought ready-made, or if it can be made in some way that has nothing to do with manual dexterity, with a video camera or a computer program, then drawing, this essential act of making, has definitely been marginalized, turned into a sideline, a caprice. A sea change has occurred, one of the fundamental ones in the history of art, or so we are told.

But what of those artists who still believe that art is not so much in the conceptualization as in the realization? What if you regard Duchamp as a nowhere man even if he is everywhere? Then drawing—as a link between consciousness and craft, between vision and reality—has never been more central. The centrality of drawing has been brought forcibly to mind by two developments in the past several months: the publication by an art historian of a great book about the nature of drawing, and the death of an artist who founded a great art school where drawing is still regarded as the heart of the matter. Mercedes Matter, who died last winter at the age of eighty-seven, was the animating spirit behind the New York Studio School, where for nearly forty years, until only months before her death, she insisted on the relationship between naturalistic experience and anti-naturalistic structure that has been at the core of the modern adventure from Cézanne to Giacometti. David Rosand's new book, *Drawing Acts: Studies in Graphic Expression and Representation* (Cambridge University Press), takes the story back to the very core of the European graphic tradition, in the central Italy of the High Renaissance, and he finds there not only an animating reverence for the human figure but also a fascination with the power of the drawn mark as artistic self-realization that is in many essential aspects consonant with the experience of the modern artist. Rosand's book, like the program of the New York Studio School, is grounded in a belief that although artistic expression changes dramatically over time, there are timeless verities, too.

To juxtapose Mercedes Matter's remarkable achievement at the Studio School with David Rosand's powerful account of drawing in the Renaissance is to observe two distinct but also overlapping views of the relationship between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theory and practice, between communal avowal and personal expression. For both Matter and Rosand, drawing promises access to the core of the imagination. But because drawing is also the fundamental artistic activity, the activity with which everybody who becomes an artist traditionally starts out, the nature of drawing is shaped by an especially broad range of pedagogical and historical factors. People refer to learning to draw in the sense that they refer to learning grammar. (You will less frequently hear people speak of learning to paint.) Drawing, which is almost by definition something that is done repeatedly, insistently, suggests what is constant and objective in the visual arts. Drawing must be taught, and its history needs to be explicated, and all of this has probably never been more difficult than it is today, for contemporary teachers and students must respect the value of an academic tradition, and absorb the dissents from that tradition offered by artists ranging from Courbet to Mondrian, and reject the nihilism implicit in the anti-academic academies of our day.

Near the beginning of his book, Rosand touches on Paul Klee's idea about the dynamic and even narrative possibilities of line in the *Pedagogical Sketchbook*, which remains the fundamental twentieth-century statement of what line means in the wake of Cubism. Rosand finds there an exposition of the "willfulness" of line, of its ability to have a life of its own that had already fascinated the artists of the Renaissance. For Matter, the very physicality of line, the fact that it is an objectification of the artist's imagination, enables the artist, as she once wrote, to transform a mere "image" or "idea" into "a condition of art." For both Matter and Rosand, drawing mediates between subjectivity and objectivity. Whether objectivity in drawing has to do with the artist's relationship with reality or with the objectivity of the mark as a fact on the page, line is both the product and the expression of the artist's subjectivity. One recalls that gnomic remark by de Kooning, who was a friend of Matter's and an early supporter of her school, that in the Renaissance "you were subjective to yourself." Matter, who included images by Cézanne and Giacometti on the first poster for the Studio School, writes of "the marks on the paper" as "facts capable of projecting sensation." And, speaking of Leonardo, Rosand observes that "the object being rendered, the form coming into being on the paper, comes to exist as a body confronting that of the draftsman, existing in a space that is implicitly a continuum with his or her own. The act of drawing, then, is necessarily an act of projection, of self-projection."

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Raphael, *Studies of the Virgin and Child*

Rosand finds in drawing a way of resolving the maddening old dilemma of how form expresses content. The answer is that the very act of mark-making, which is at once physically powered and psychologically charged, folds form and content into each other. In the drawings of Leonardo, Rosand sees the artist not only unfurling the riches of his imagination, but also responding to each mark as if it were a kind of self-provocation. In Leonardo's elegantly doodled profiles of handsome young men, which are traditionally associated with the artist's legendary good looks, Rosand finds the hand exploring, sometimes in an almost automatic way, the nature of the self. In tossing off these singular lines that describe profiles of greater or lesser elegance, Leonardo is using the meanderings of the hand to discover simultaneously what the body is and what the body can do. And when these images of youthful good looks are juxtaposed with profiles of the old and the ugly, the unfolding line becomes an unfolding of expression and experience, a dialogue or confrontation or dialectic of lines. "One ought to mingle direct contraries," Leonardo observed. And Rosand writes: "Through the act of drawing, the draftsman reaches out, puts himself in active touch with the world, projects himself. To draw a line is to extend oneself into the world, to know it, and to recognize one's self."

Some readers of Rosand's book may be slightly uncomfortable with this scholar's playful elegance, which is reflected in his casual summations of complex scholarly arguments, his by-the-way references to unfashionable or obscure eighteenth- and nineteenth-century authorities, and his habit of sprinkling his sentences with untranslated phrases in Italian. But Rosand's learning is the real thing, and even skeptical readers will come to recognize, I think, that his erudition is also his liberation. Rosand eases himself into another time and another place, and into the minds of the artists who lived in that lost world. The book's shape is inspired, I believe, by a literary idea, for each chapter consists of a series of almost sketchlike forays, sometimes into a single artist's work, sometimes into the theoretical attitudes and procedural assumptions of a particular period. Especially in the key chapters, which focus on Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo, Rosand uses the experimental thrusts of his argument to suggest that the core of the European pictorial tradition may reside not in the consummated surfaces of Raphael's *The School of Athens* or Michelangelo's *The Last Judgment*, but in the testings and the speculations of the draftsman's hand.

Rosand believes that the power of the mark has always been regarded not only as representational but as simultaneously

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expressive and conceptual. While some will want to argue that he is imposing a modernist assumption on a Renaissance context, Rosand locates the crux of his idea at the beginning of art historical time, in the anecdotes that Pliny the Elder relates about the lives of ancient artists. These stories, which fascinated the painters and the sculptors of the Renaissance, are the key, Rosand believes, to the overlapping meanings that Renaissance artists attributed to the word *disegno*. Rosand sees the interrelated meanings of *disegno*, which describes both the act of drawing and the art of inventing compositions, as originating in two stories from Pliny. Apelles, when he visited the studio of Protogenes and found that the artist was not home, "drew a line of extreme delicacy" as a way of telling Protogenes that he had been there; and Protogenes, on seeing that single mark, knew from the very quality of the line that it had been made by Apelles. Along with the line of Apelles, which is the line of pure expression, Rosand offers the line of Parrhasios, who is known as "unrivalled in the rendering of outline"—who, in other words, is the master of the line as depiction and conceptualization.

FOR THE ARTISTS of the Renaissance, the twinned roles of line as expression and representation were woven into the very origins of the art of drawing. "*Disegno* is fraught with contradiction and ambivalence," Rosand observes, "located as it is at the very boundary between mind and hand, idea and form." This is Rosand's summary of attitudes in the sixteenth century, when Federico Zuccaro was setting up the first drawing academy; and the effect of this argument, which is masterfully explored in Rosand's chapters on Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo, is to place the artist's contemplation of the vagaries of his own imagination, rather than representation as such, at the core of the academic tradition.

I suppose that Rosand's book can be criticized for dangerously de-emphasizing the concern in Renaissance art for drawing from life and for the complexities of anatomical representation. Some might say that there is too much of an aura of Gestalt psychology around what he has written, too much of a sense (especially in the discussions of Leonardo and Rembrandt) of the drawing as some sort of realization of the artist's sense of his own physicality. Some might even object, thinking of Rosand's title, that there is too much of an echo of Harold Rosenberg's "action painting" idea, of the sense of the paper as being, like Pollock's canvas, an arena in which to act. But Rosand is acutely aware of the place that convention plays in the realization of the draftsman's hand; he shows how the artist's speculative improvisation is constrained by a sense of tradition, and how enlivening such traditions can be. And far from viewing drawing as a self-reflexive act, Rosand is in fact especially good on the sense in which it is the very Apellesian freedom of the mark that emboldens the artist to generate whole compositions of great originality out of small sketches. Rosand points out that in the miraculous, flow-through coherence of the most finished High Renaissance paintings we see "the compact formal coherence of the small-scale sketch transposed to the monumental scale of painting."

The elegance of Rosand's exposition resists summary, since it is already so stripped down, a deft mingling of penetrating analysis and quickening speculation. The attentiveness of his observation of specific drawings and methodological questions gives dramatic weight to what might otherwise seem rather airy thoughts. In the series of highly finished drawings that Michelangelo did as gifts for Tommaso de' Cavalieri, the young aristocrat with whom he was so enamored, Rosand sees, beyond the eroticism of the iconography, the deeper eroticism of the soft, dreamy, densely modeled surfaces. The handling here, the many-layered delicacy and power of Michelangelo's graphic gesture, not only "records" but

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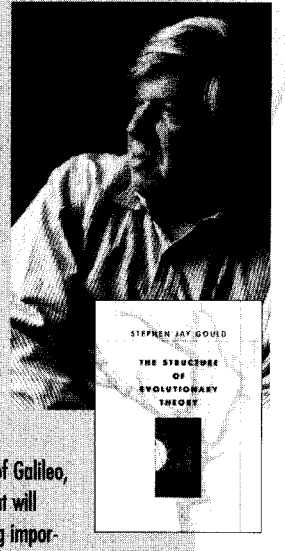

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also "enacts" the appearance of the figure, "its gradual definition from initial tentative outlines through the securing of contour to the internal articulation of form. The process of formal realization is continuous and more active, involving a more sustained and therefore committed gesture. There is a tactile and therefore somatic dimension to stroking the chalk that keeps the artist in constant, responsible and responsive touch with his emerging creation."

No one has come closer than Rosand to articulating the meanings that can be provoked by the very physicality of a drawing. His book describes a whole range of physical expressions, from Leonardo's and Michelangelo's exquisite speculations to the rough-hewn mark-making of Rembrandt, whose thick, lunging lines suggest another, more aggressive and self-consciously extroverted way of taking his place in the world. Perhaps the most striking of Rosand's chapters is "Raphael and the Calligraphy of Classicism," because in the case of Raphael we are not as disposed to believe that drawing has a private meaning as we are in the cases of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Rembrandt, whose work is so immediately consonant with Romantic sensibilities. Yet Rosand manages to identify the improvisational impulse in the drawing style of Raphael, who is so often credited, at least by modern tastes, with being an almost drearily normative genius—as the man who set a disinterested standard of beauty at the heart of European painting.

Rosand looks closely at the drawings that preceded some of Raphael's iconic images of the Madonna and Child and finds there a happily experimental spirit. He zeroes in on the playfulness of the "circling hand" that gives Raphael's audaciously elegant images their kinetic power. "Two arcs create an oval—a head, an arm, a thigh, an infant's belly. Repeated contours, motivated by a search for linear closure, transcend outline to build up a sense of form in space; the bundled lines themselves resonate that space even as they hug the solids they define. Leaving patterns of nearly parallel arcs, the same curving movement creates tone and models form, to which the regularity of this concentric hatching assigns a simple stereometry." What we have here is a description of the coming-into-being of a classical norm, a sense of the rhythmic flow of Raphael's art not as a finished balance but as a dynamic principle. As Rosand describes it, Raphael's style is no longer a Platonic ideal but a raw discovery—a discovery that has all the wit and the surprise of Klee's description of the journey of a line.

A central theme of Rosand's book is the athleticism of drawing and how the artist's understanding of his own physicality generates expressive possibilities. What is less central to *Drawing Acts*, though by no means overlooked entirely, is the extent to which drawing is both sustained and transformed as its standard practices and trade secrets are handed down through the years. If the individual artist is always, when drawing, in the midst of a tantalizing dialectical process involving the pressure and counterpressure of mind and hand, the passage of drawing from teacher to student and generation to generation involves all sorts of double dialectics, with younger artists, as they contemplate the drawings of earlier generations, using their own hands and minds to comprehend the hands and minds of their predecessors. It is the very physicality and even athleticism of drawing that has led almost everybody who has taken a serious look at this most essential of the visual arts to insist that the learning must be lodged in the doing.

While the old academic method of drawing from casts and the nude model may accord imperfectly with contemporary concerns, some form of doing over and over again for long periods of time remains the only way for an artist to assimilate graphic experience. It is this conviction, carried into action and institution-building, that made Mercedes Matter such a force in art in New York during the past forty years. In the early 1960s, Matter was teaching at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and was so disturbed by the drift of art education that she wrote an essay called "What's Wrong with U.S. Art Schools?" which appeared in *ARTnews* and remains sharply pertinent today. A student, she observed, can "go through art school and gain an acute perception of 'what is going on,' a fairly intelligent grasp of the situation, and yet have never departed a single step from his original naïveté of vision." For all the talk in the art schools about "the extraordinary kaleidoscope of events of the twentieth century, of movements following so closely one upon another, of extremes absurd and great," there was little focus on the need to learn about these imaginative forays through the use of the hand. Matter worried that art schools were not supporting "the continuity of work in a studio. Take this away and the art has been taken out of the education, and the art school becomes ready-made for the Ready Made."

At a time when Pop seemed to be grabbing all the media attention, Matter's essay became a rallying point for a number of artists and art students who did not see why the excitement of working in a studio ought to be so very different in 1963 than it had been in 1953 or in 1933. (Or, for that matter, in 1833.) The beginnings of the New York Studio School were remarkable for their spontaneity. Some of Matter's students at Pratt wanted more time to draw uninterruptedly from the model, and so they got together to work in a loft in Manhattan. By the 1964–1965 season, a loft at 646 Broadway was home to a wide-ranging program of drawing, painting, and sculpture, with a faculty that included Matter for drawing, Charles Cajori and Esteban Vicente for painting, and Sidney Geist and George Spaventa for sculpture. On the first posters and brochures Meyer Schapiro was listed as the art history faculty, and Hans Hofmann was listed among the visiting artists, though those who recall the early years are not sure that he taught or lectured more than once or twice.

In 1967, the school managed to buy the old Whitney Museum building at 8 West Eighth Street. Gone were the fractured two-hours-of-this, one-hour-of-that schedules of the standard art schools. In an early brochure, the Studio School was said to re-establish "a simple and ancient premise for the training of an artist: learning through practice. Continuity of work in the studio replaces the fragmented curricula of most modern schools." And drawing was, and has remained, at the core of the school's vision.

"Drawing" is the bare-bones title of a brief polemic that Matter offered in a Studio School brochure in 1968. She began by quoting Ingres shouting at Delacroix: "Drawing is the probity in art, the honor in art!" And it would not have been out of order for Matter to regard herself as the Studio School's Ingres, the teacher of drawing, even though, like any self-respecting New York artist, she was equally attracted to Delacroix, Ingres's dialectical opposite, and in her own work as a painter she was sometimes a provocative colorist. Writing about drawing, Matter comes very close to the spirited defense of the relationship of the mind and the body that Rosand offers: "Although drawing can be a celebration of things observed, a recorded delight in particular forms, although it can be the means of first setting in motion the forming of a painting idea, although it can be the lightest vehicle for direct and spontaneous notation, its primary character, as it affects the maturing of an artist, is its attritional process of defining, its adjustments toward precision, which sharpen awareness and forge visual consciousness." (It is worth noting that Rosand, some years after Matter made this statement, presented an earlier version of a section of *Drawing Acts* as a lecture at the Studio School.) In Matter's writing we

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have a view of drawing similar to what Rosand describes as Zuccaro's attitude in the sixteenth century, when the draftsman operates "at the very boundary between mind and hand, idea and form." What is important is not a particular idea of form or structure, but the very idea of art as being in the doing. "In drawing," Matter wrote, "it is not the shape of an idea as it exists in the mind which finally counts, but the marks on the paper."

THE THINKING OF both Matter and Rosand reflects the paradoxical situation of the late modern imagination. There is a conservative strain in their thought, an acute attentiveness to the way things were done in the past, and this is somehow animated by their very admiration for the cataclysmic shifts epitomized by abstract art. Even as they embrace the breakup of tradition, they believe that the new and the old must somehow be made to add up to a complete vision of the work of art. I find it interesting that both Matter and Rosand had links to Meyer Schapiro, who argued so persuasively that newer forms of artistic and intellectual experience could illuminate older ones, and that the process could also operate in reverse. Rosand, who is Meyer Schapiro Professor of Art History at Columbia, was a student of Schapiro's and acknowledges his influence at the beginning of *Drawing Acts*. Rosand's writing occasionally evokes the very sound of his teacher, in his exposition of formal matters and sometimes in his conversational syntax.

Considering how sensitive Rosand is to Schapiro's thinking, I am surprised that there is no mention in Rosand's book of a fascinating lecture that Schapiro gave at the Studio School in 1967 on "Drawing from the Figure." (The essay is reprinted in the collection of Schapiro's own paintings and drawings that was published by Abrams in 2000.) Schapiro's lecture is in many respects a defense of Matter's ideas, a defense of her sense that even at a time when many artists are not ultimately going to be painting the figure, the figure can hold their attention. For Schapiro, the starting point is the fact that the nude figure is "the most complex, the most articulated, the most subtle, the most interesting, the most difficult object in the world." To deal with the figure is thus to deal with some essential experiment in observation, "an occasion for this extraordinary perception of a complex, living, self-articulated, self-adjusting body, in light and shadow, with elusive lines and complex interrelations of parts."

There is in Schapiro's lecture a sense of the mysterious physicality of drawing, and of drawing as a way of sensing the body, and this flows straight into Rosand's book. "The sense of the rhythms of the body," Schapiro observes, "are, in some very subtle way, built into the rhythms of the hand." And for Schapiro the infinite complexity of the figure also involves a perfect coherence, so that drawing the figure becomes a way of grappling with the dream of coherence that is at the core of all art. "No matter what you are going to paint," Schapiro observes, "or even if you make an assembl[age], you want to make something which looks as if, in its rightness, everything belongs and each part has a certain individuality, and the whole has an indefinable individuality that cannot be located in one part."

Rosand's approach to drawing is more insistently modern than the approach that Schapiro took in his Studio School lecture, for Rosand tends to write about the human figure not as a product of perception but as a product of imagination. In a brief epilogue about Picasso, there is a rousing passage in which Rosand observes that in the analytical Cubist drawings, "the dialectic tension between mark and ground plays out a dynamic we recognize as inherent to the art of drawing." Here Rosand is unblinkingly confronting his own essentially modern sense of how form generates meaning, and no one should underestimate how daring a position this is in these postmodern days, when formal values tend to be regarded as little more than a dash of spice. Reading

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JIHAD

THE TRAIL OF POLITICAL ISLAM

Translated by Anthony Roberts

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the later sections of *Drawing Acts*, I had the impression that Rosand himself may occasionally feel a little uneasy about the fundamentalism of his approach, for there are moments when he almost seems to invite us to give a lovingly ironic wink to the very traditions that he has so boldly articulated. There is much that is admirable and true in his final chapter, "*Capriccio*," which offers brief looks at Hogarth, Goya, and Laurence Sterne's interest in line in *Tristram Shandy*, as well as longer interpretations of Piranesi and the Tiepolos, father and son; but I cannot help feeling that Rosand is a little too glad to see the lofty games of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo floating off into amusing—and sometimes sublime—bagatelles.

When he ends that last chapter with Domenico Tiepolo's seamlessly virtuosic drawings of Punchinello, I sense beneath Rosand's high spirits and unquestionable eloquence an old cliché about the death of a great tradition in the let's-party atmosphere of eighteenth-century Venice. And although I am second to none in my admiration for the whirling historical panoramas that Picasso unfurls in some of his print cycles, I am a little uneasy with the brief epilogue that Rosand devotes to the great Spaniard, for these Picassos are themselves a terribly self-conscious gloss on the idea that drawing is a matter of the hand and the mind meditating on each other's moves. When Rosand says that Picasso's "(in)famous return to classicism was essentially a return to drawing, to linear styles of the past, including his own pre-Cubist draftsmanship, to the security of his own mimetic manual skills," I think he is edging away from the force of his own argument. If Apelles's line is the key, then the analytic Cubist line may only be the freest line, the most classical line, the prototypical classical line, which means that the more overtly classical imagery that appears in some of Picasso's earlier and later work has nothing to do with a "return" and everything to do with variations on a theme, a theme that the Cubist images state in something close to pristine form.

By the end of Rosand's wonderful book, I was ready not for Tiepolo's Punchinellos or Picasso's Vollard suite, but for the delicate, almost shivering charcoal lines that Mondrian was inscribing on paper and bare canvas in the 1940s. Those lines poised at right angles, a progression of gently speculative actions and reactions, define a calligraphy of classicism that can be set right next to Raphael's—a calligraphy of classicism entirely different, but related in its insistence on the panoply of lines as suggesting not only the unfolding of a space but also the unfurling of the artist's imaginings. Rosand might argue that I am overemphasizing the modern assumptions that he brings to his analysis, and he would be entirely justified in believing that his deep historical perspective enables him to avoid the reductionist interpretations of modern art that have had so disastrous an effect on contemporary thinking. But there are few things more admirable than the desire to find an underlying logic that links modern art and older art, and those who are most scrupulous in their investigations need not be embarrassed that they are sometimes pulled up short by the extent to which things cannot be linked, by the extent to which any choice that is made, in the methodology of a historian or in the practice of an artist, forecloses other possibilities.

No teacher of the past half-century has dealt with these paradoxes more daringly than Mercedes Matter. As an artist who lived her whole life amid the experimental ambience of the avant-garde, Matter surely had complicated feelings about the old academies. As she admitted in her *ARTnews* article, those academies "may have stood still" and were "blind ... to all new manifestations." Still, there was a value to "this moral conservatism," which "gave a student something solid to push away from." How to create an institution that embraces the very values that you want students "to push away from" is a considerable dilemma, one that neither the Studio School nor any other school has ever really resolved. Indeed, one of the problems at the Studio School has been that the very intensity of the focus on the act of drawing and painting from life has often left students poorly equipped to see how hand and mind are joined in the art of Mondrian, Klee, Léger, and the other masters of abstract art who originally awakened Matter and her contemporaries to the grandeur of formal expression.

Like many artists who came of age in Manhattan's headily improvisational atmosphere, Matter had a horror of the theoretical approach of the Bauhaus, which she associated with graphic design and Madison Avenue. While I do not know what she thought of Mondrian's writings specifically, his more complex theoretical forays were generally taken with a grain of salt in the circles in which Matter moved; and while Matter surely expected her students to re-experience Cubism within the context of the life drawing class, her school has never quite found a way to place Mondrian's *Broadway Boogie Woogie* at the heart of a living tradition. For Matter, it was Giacometti, whom she knew and about whom she wrote with great sensitivity, who held the key to what she wanted her students to do. For Giacometti had returned from Cubism to nature, and saw fragmentation as a step on the road back to coherence. Eventually there came to be something that was regarded as Studio School drawing: a delicate filigree of strokes, a great deal of erasure, a net of visual decisions, a series of placements of edge, angle, form, all juxtaposed in a nervous, spidery web. The best of Matter's students would eventually understand that in the white spaces between those lines abstraction lived on as a core modern experience, an experience that Matter could perhaps not otherwise include in her teaching. But then she knew, as every strong teacher knows, that a strong student will ultimately find his or her own way.

At a memorial service for Matter at the Studio School in May, this extraordinary woman was remembered in an institution that she had created, at which she had taught until a few months before her death, and that she died knowing would continue, now under the guidance of the painter Graham Nickson, whose efforts on behalf of what she wrought have been tireless. In the school's sculpture studio, before jars of lilacs whose color echoed the purples and mauves that are a keynote in her painting, Matter's grandson, her friends and colleagues, and several generations of students stood up to remember her. One friend read a passage from Flaubert by way of saluting Matter's fierce belief in the possibility of artistic perfection. Another old friend said that Matter's beauty and willfulness sometimes brought Shakespeare's Cleopatra to mind, and the comparison did not seem implausible. Matter had been one of Hofmann's first students in America, and she was among the first women to become a member of the Artists' Club. Tall and slim, she was a striking beauty, with a wide, dramatic face that stands out in photographs of the smoke-filled interior of the Cedar Tavern in the 1950s. She had the looks of a bohemian aristocrat, and she had the family to match. Her father was Arthur B. Carles, a legendary figure in the American avant-garde, who had been friends with Steichen and Marin. Her mother, Mercedes de Cordoba, was the subject of luminous early photographs by Steichen. And she herself was married to the photographer and graphic designer Herbert Matter.

During the decades when she was preoccupied with the Studio School, Matter often had little time left for her own work. But in the last years of her life she was working intensively in her studio, and on the day of the memorial service the school was hung with some of her finest paint-

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ings, delicate crystalline still-life structures, with the strokes of light yet rich color laid on in angled patches and small touches to create wonderfully shimmering surfaces. These paintings echo some of Hofmann's still lifes of the 1930s and 1940s, but even more they remind one of her father's most beautiful flower canvases. In Matter's own studio she created large still-life set-ups, set-ups that had some of the quality of mountainous landscapes that Cézanne had first thought to bring to still life, and she left these set-ups in place for months and years, until they became strange, dusty visions. Another painter friend, the late Louis Finkelstein, once wrote that "at first glance many of Mercedes Matter's paintings seem, like Frenhofer's fabled last painting in Balzac's 'The Unknown Masterpiece,' to be an indecipherable mass of colored brushstrokes. Only after a while can we see that they are representations of real things." Matter taught her students that art was a struggle between color and line, between nature and abstraction, and that only by embracing that struggle could they grasp the mysterious materiality of art.

Matter had a way of making the ferocious battles that took place in the studio seem fascinatingly elegant. There was a distinctive bohemian-aristocratic signature to everything she did, so much so that certain stories that were told at the memorial service came back to me a few weeks later, when I was reading Rosand's discussion of Baldesar Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier*, in which Rosand sees a connection between a certain way of behaving in public and a certain kind of free-flowing, beautifully improvisational graphic style. Writing of Castiglione's ideas about courtly behavior, Rosand suggests that "the easy nonchalance of the naturally graceful body" was related to the old Greek idea of Apelles's perfect line, in which Castiglione also took an interest. Now that was an association that Matter's friends and students had been making for decades, albeit without quite knowing how to put it into words. Student after student had spoken about the figure that Matter cut in public—about her ultra-simple pants-and-shirt outfits, about the beautiful salads that she prepared. And there were endless stories about her insistence, in spite of the school's invariably shaky finances, on going off to Balducci's, the best market in New York, to buy fruits and vegetables for still life set-ups for the classrooms. What was amazing was Matter's combination of purposefulness and spontaneity, of deliberation and risk, the sense that it might matter to the student who was only first grappling with the shape of an apple that the apple was the best one available in Manhattan. To pick the finest apple was to act in the world in a way that might enable a student to draw with a new kind of refinement.

Mercedes Matter had a vision of the glorious impracticality of art, but it was a vision that she articulated through the onerous practicality of institution-building. There was not a bit of nostalgia about this woman. The point of everything she did—as an artist, a teacher, an institution-builder—was to make sure that the things that had counted for her and her friends at the Hofmann School and at the Artists' Club would live on. Among those who gathered for the memorial service were many from the first generations of students of the school, young artists who, in the late 1960s, that time of radical hopes, had their own radical hope, which was that art might not be lost to the anti-art of Duchamp. It was these students who had given Matter's idealism its relevance, its urgency, its pulse. She could be high-handed, doctrinaire, dismissive, unfair—a hell-raiser. But just as she understood the physicality of drawing, so Matter understood the social exhilaration of art-making, the sense that in every generation there must be a gathering of youth and a sense of elective affinities. That was what gave her school its familial excitement, its pulsing

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life, a life that shot right through the dusty Romanticism of Frenhofer's studio. The hand of the artist must also hand down the tradition, and no artist of her generation understood that better than Mercedes Matter. She taught several generations to put their trust in the lines of Apelles and Parrhasios, in those same lines that David Rosand reminds us must never run straight if they are to run true. ■

Glory

By BERNARD KNOX

Resistance and Betrayal: The Death and Life of the Greatest Hero of the French Resistance by Patrick Marnham

(Random House, 296 pp., $25.95)

I.

IN DECEMBER 1964, a highly symbolic funeral took place in Paris. The remains of the Resistance leader Jean Moulin were placed in the Panthéon, the national shrine for France's great men: "*Aux grands hommes*," reads the huge inscription over the entrance, "*la patrie reconnaissante*." The funeral was symbolic in many ways. The ashes in the coffin may not have been those of Jean Moulin at all; nobody knows where or when he died in the prisons of the Gestapo after his arrest in Lyon in 1943. And the presence of Charles de Gaulle in military uniform, together with the extraordinary funeral oration of André Malraux, created a national symbol. "When Jean Moulin was resurrected from peacetime obscurity and recast in an heroic posture," Patrick Marnham writes in his absorbing and disturbing book, "he became, through Malraux's artistry, the personification of the Resistance, and the Resistance became the emblem of the whole of France."

The reality was not so simple. Until the very last days of the German occupation of France, the vast majority of French citizens took no part in Resistance activities; and those who were involved in them, far from reflecting a national unity, were deeply divided. Their political loyalties ran all the way from the fanaticism of the Cagoulards, who were violent royalist conspirators, to the cynical opportunism of the Communist Party on the left. The Communist Party in France had begun by denouncing the war as imperialist at the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact, and it recommended cooperation under the German occupation—until Hitler invaded the Soviet Union, at which point it promptly turned to violent resistance. By that time its membership had fallen from some 200,000 to 10,000, but those remaining members were hard-core Communists, and, as Marnham points out, when the order came from Moscow to engage in armed struggle, the Party was well prepared. Ten thousand people constituted a very small party, but a very large Resistance network.

This division in the French Resistance had a long history, starting with the Revolution of 1789, and it is reflected, as Marnham points out in a fascinating passage, in the history of the Panthéon itself. The site was originally that of the Abbey of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of the city of Paris; but when Louis XV fell ill at Metz in 1744, he vowed to God that if he recovered he would replace the ruined abbey with a splendid new church. He did recover, but he died before the building was completed. When it was finally ready for dedication, the Revolution that began in 1789 had abolished the monarchy and closed the churches of Paris. In 1791, the revolutionaries declared the building a "Temple of Fame," a mausoleum for the great men of the new age. Its bell towers were razed, the cross was removed from the dome, and the inscription "*Aux grands hommes . . .*" was set in its place. The remains of Mirabeau were the first to be buried there, followed by those of Voltaire and Rousseau, and eventually those of Marat, that violent rabble-rouser of the high tide of the Revolution.

But when the Bourbon monarchy was restored after the end of the Napoleonic Empire in 1815, the building was reconsecrated, the inscription was replaced by a different one in Latin, and the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau were removed to a space outside the newly sacralized area underneath the front steps. In 1830, with the arrival of the more secular regime of Louis Philippe, the inscription was replaced. Thus the church was transformed at each change of regime, until in 1885 the present compromise was reached. The church was deconsecrated, the inscription was fixed on the pediment, and the bodies of such republican heroes as Victor Hugo and Émile Zola were interred in the building now named the Panthéon. But the cross remained on the dome. "The story of the Panthéon," Marnham sums up, "is the story of how a building which was supposed to be a symbol of national identity became instead a memorial to a fracture in French society inflicted by the Revolution and in two hundred years never mended." Indeed, as Marnham rightly remarks, the unmended fracture amounted to "an undeclared civil war."

II.

JEAN MOULIN WAS a steadfast secular republican. This creed was an inheritance from his father Antonin, a schoolteacher who had been a fervent Dreyfusard in the controversy that split the nation into bitterly hostile factions, and had even become a member of a Masonic lodge that was affiliated with Le Grand Orient, the largest Masonic group in France. He later became an influential figure in the local politics of Béziers, the next-to-largest city of the Hérault, a *département* with a Mediterranean coast. His son Jean was educated at the school in which his father taught, a difficult situation for a boy. Marnham compares it to that of Graham Greene, who studied in a school of which his father was headmaster. "I was the son of a quisling in a country under occupation," Greene wrote, "there was a conflict of loyalties, loyalty to my age group, loyalty to my father. . . ." Greene was bullied unmercifully by his schoolmates for eight terms until, on the edge of a nervous breakdown, he was withdrawn from school and sent to see a psychiatrist. Moulin solved the problem by joining the resistance, "becoming not only badly behaved but a ringleader and lord of misrule."

His academic record was no better than his behavior at school. He passed the general examination at the age of sixteen only by submitting to a summer's coaching by his father and taking a special examination at the beginning of the new academic year. He passed the crucial examination,

BERNARD KNOX is the author most recently of *Backing into the Future: The Classical Tradition and Its Renewal* (W.W. Norton).

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the *baccalauréat*, "without great distinction." He was too young to be conscripted into military service, and his father secured him a job as assistant to the prefect of the Hérault and admission to the law school in Montpellier. He was drafted in April 1918, when the final German offensive forced the French government to scrape the bottom of the barrel; but though he remained in the army until November 1919, he never saw combat. He served as a carpenter, a navvy, and a telephone operator: in his own words, "I was everything except a soldier."

Back in civilian life, Moulin studied law at the University of Montpellier, and in 1921 he was appointed deputy chief of staff to the prefect. In the Third Republic, a prefect was "the representative of central government in the departments of France, and as such, all-powerful.... Moulin's twenty-year career in the supposedly impartial but in fact highly politicized corps of prefects was marked by a succession of rapid promotions." By 1922, he was chief of staff to the prefect of Savoie in Chambéry, a fashionable ski resort, where he became a close friend of Pierre Cot, a radical republican politician who was later to call him to high government office in Paris.

In 1925, Moulin was appointed subprefect stationed at Albertville, still in Savoie; he was the youngest subprefect in France. Meanwhile, a marriage with a Parisian cousin had been arranged by his father, only to have the father of the bride-to-be break off the engagement when he found out that Moulin had no financial resources other than his salary. A marriage in 1926 to a young woman of his own choice ended in divorce two years later. But Moulin's career, by contrast, advanced by leaps and bounds. In 1930, he was promoted one more bureaucratic grade to subprefect second class and assigned to the town of Chateaulin in Finistère, the most westerly department of Brittany. This was (as Marnham records) "a fervently Catholic district, a sort of Siberian wilderness for a clever young anticlerical looking for a ladder to the top."

In Chateaulin, Moulin complained that some members of the general assembly actually attended meetings dressed in Breton national costume. If he had ever traveled outside Chateaulin to visit the outlying farms—in which I spent many nights in July and August 1944 in the Resistance, arming and training the local *maquisards*—Moulin would have been even more appalled to find that the older generation could hardly speak French. They conversed in their native Breton, a language that is not, like the Provençal that Moulin spoke in his youth, a dialect of French, but a totally different Celtic language. Moulin's only comfort in Chateaulin was the company of Max Jacob, the Jewish Surrealist poet who had converted to Catholicism and was later to die at Drancy, the Nazi base in France for departure to the death camps.

Moulin's other relief from the boredom of Chateaulin was the night train to Paris, where he enjoyed a bohemian life, frequenting the cafés of Montparnasse and developing his considerable talent as a painter. Meanwhile Pierre Cot, the friend he had made at Chambéry, had moved into positions of power, and in 1932 Cot invited Moulin to join his staff at the Quai d'Orsay, his headquarters as foreign secretary. The government fell a few weeks later, and Moulin returned to Chateaulin the following year to join Cot at the Air Ministry. And this government fell, in turn, after a violent right-wing and royalist demonstration seemed poised to cross the bridge from the Place de la Concorde to the Palais Bourbon, where the government and the legislature were in session. The attempt was thrown back by riot police, who opened fire when they came under fire from the royalists; and at the end of the day fifteen people were dead and 1,435 people were wounded. Moulin, who had watched the attack from the Palais, was appalled. As Marnham

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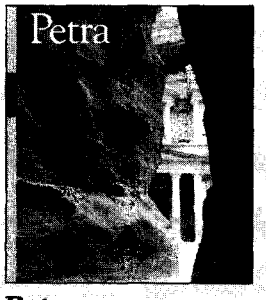

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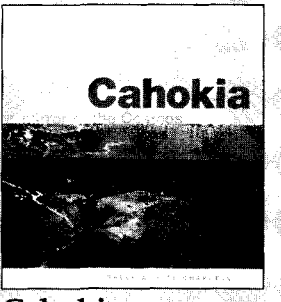

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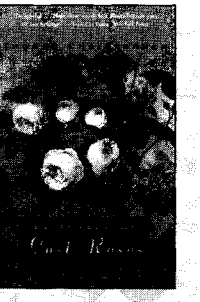

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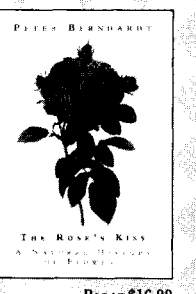

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writes, "he had seen his hereditary enemies shooting down the representatives of civil order and on the point of overturning democratic rule."

The premier, Edouard Daladier, resigned, and Moulin spent the next four months out of politics and government, attending art school in Paris, until he was appointed secretary general of the prefecture of the Somme, the necessary promotion before he could become a prefect. In May 1936, as the Front Populaire, a coalition of Communists, Socialists, and radicals, won an overwhelming victory in the election, he returned to Paris to work under Cot at the Air Ministry in the government of the Socialist Léon Blum. And in July the military uprising against the government of the Frente Popular in Spain launched Moulin on activities that explain why Marnham titled this chapter of his book "Moulin Rouge."

Blum was ready to supply the weapons that the Spanish government requested, but he was forced to comply with the British policy of nonintervention, which was of course a farce, since Hitler and Mussolini were backing Franco not only with arms but also with troops. Yet Blum had a secret policy of his own, which he called "elastic nonintervention," and soon Cot and Moulin were in charge of a secret operation smuggling French and Soviet weapons across the border to Spain. It was directed by Soviet agents, with whom Cot had close ties. Whether Moulin can be thought of as in the same category as Cot is uncertain. This is Marnham's conclusion: "Although there is no direct evidence, as so far revealed by the Soviet archives, that Moulin was a Comintern agent, common sense suggests that both he and Pierre Cot must have known and approved of what was going on." And Moulin was "closely associated personally and professionally with a leading Soviet agent, Louis Dolivet."

IN MARCH 1937, Moulin was finally appointed prefect of the Aveyron, an agricultural area in central France, but he stayed in Paris at the Air Ministry until January 1938, when Cot was forced to resign. Moulin went to his prefecture, and in January 1939 he was transferred to the more influential prefecture of Chartres. In summer 1940, as German forces approached the city, which had already been bombed and shelled, he stayed (unlike all the other city officials) to surrender Chartres to the German general in command. It was here that Moulin's career as a Resistance hero began.

Two German officers took Moulin to their headquarters and told him to sign a document detailing the rapes and the murders committed by black Senegalese soldiers in the French Army. When they had encountered these soldiers on their way south, the Germans had shot those who surrendered, and the document presented to Moulin was to serve as a justification for their action. Moulin refused to sign it. He was taken to see the bodies of some women and children, but they were obviously victims of an air raid; and when Moulin told the Germans so, they beat him for seven hours. He was later locked in a cell with a Senegalese soldier, and as they left the officers said: "Since you like Negroes so much, we thought you'd like to sleep with one." That night Moulin realized that he would not be able to stand more beatings. At 5 a.m.—he heard a church clock strike the hour—he found a piece of broken glass on the floor and cut his throat. The guard arrived soon after and called for help. Moulin was treated by a doctor and taken back to his residence. The wound took three months to heal. Moulin had carefully made the cut high up under the chin, where it would produce a great deal of blood without opening any vital artery.

He resumed his duties as prefect, and when Pétain's collaborationist government in Vichy passed laws disqualifying officials who had Freemason connections, he reported that there were none in his jurisdiction, and also ignored instructions to remove all Jews from public office. In November 1940 he was dismissed by the Vichy authorities, and became an unemployed bureaucrat after twenty-two years of service in government.

Houses

At the edge of the paper the pen
quivers, a seismograph, and tries
to draw in thin lines and sharp angles
the quake of the floor.

The quaking intensifies, the angles turn sharper.
But this instrument is old,
it doesn't draw even the tip of the truth,
that the table is smashed to smithereens,
the house has collapsed,
the earth has opened underneath.

In the stillness that ensues, among the ruins,
the pen is absolved of all its duties.
It scribbles on the page as it pleases,
joins all the threads in the center,
a master-plan
for a spider's house.

Dan Pagis

—translated from the Hebrew by Tsipi Keller

III.

MOULIN'S ACTIVITY IN the interval between this abrupt end to his career as a prefect (a position in the political hierarchy corresponding to that of major general in the military) and his arrival in London in October 1941, to present himself to Brigadier General Charles de Gaulle as the representative of the many different Resistance organizations operating in France, is open to different interpretations. Marnham cites M. R. D. Foot, the historian of the British Special Operations Executive (SOE), for the version that has passed into legend: that Moulin went back to St. Andiol, the site of a family property south of Avignon, "and settled down ostensibly like a good Voltairean to cultivate his garden.... He was in fact extremely busy, sounding out the possibilities of political resistance.... All through these months Moulin went on quietly, gently, unobtrusively, irresistibly encouraging people to resist, and finding out how resistance could and could not work."

In fact, Marnham continues, "there seems to be little evidence that Moulin did anything of the sort ... the curious thing about his life between November 1940 and September 1941 is how little effort he made to contact the various resistance movements that were beginning to emerge." Yet before leaving Chartres he issued a fake identity card for himself as Joseph-Jean Mercier; the photograph shows him wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. Later he managed to stamp his passport with an exit visa, so that he would be able to leave France whenever he wished. It certainly seemed that Moulin was preparing himself for some kind of illegal activity. And he did get in touch with old associates from the days at the Air Ministry under Cot, who after denouncing the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 had left for the United States. He also spent some time in Paris with one of his mistresses and also with his ex-wife.

It was not until July 1941, a month after the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union had begun, that Moulin, with the help of an American OSS agent, made contact with Captain Henri Frenay, the leader of one of the Resistance organizations at work in

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the Vichy zone. He took careful notes on Frenay's survey of the Resistance forces in being and in formation, and he also interviewed the leader of a small Catholic Resistance group in Marseille. Moulin then left by rail for Lisbon, where, after a long wait, he finally boarded a plane for England. He arrived in London in October. There he was interrogated by a representative of SOE who tried to recruit him as their agent; but he explained that he had come to offer his services to De Gaulle, and he was sent to see André Dewavrin, code name Colonel Passy, the head of De Gaulle's intelligence service.

MOULIN, AS MARNHAM found out from the SOE report of his interview, had given a highly imaginative and exaggerated picture of the strength of Resistance activity in France, but he knew better than to do that with Passy. The latter was quite a formidable character, as I found out when I met him in Brittany in late August 1944. I was the American officer in the Jedburgh team Giles, which jumped into occupied Brittany on July 9, 1944, armed and in uniform, to arm and to train local French *maquisards* for an eventual attack on German troops moving eastward to face the American troops racing for Brest. The attack took place in August. Passy had parachuted in with a staff to take command of the Resistance forces in Brittany, but he had arrived too late. General Middleton's forces were already beginning their attack on Brest. When I informed Middleton that we had some three thousand armed Frenchmen very willing to fight, he gave us a role in the attack. We were to clear the southern arm of the land that forms the wide harbor of Brest; and our most important objective was a hill with a typically Breton name—Menez Hom—that was the main observation post for the German heavy artillery.

Before we started on our attack, my French partner in the team suggested that I go to see Passy and explain what we were doing. I did so, and when I introduced myself Passy told me that I was the first American officer he had met who could speak decent French. I thanked him for the compliment, and he replied: "I am glad you speak French because that means you will understand what I am about to say. The sight of your uniform makes me want to throw up." I was taken aback by this, but soon I burst into helpless laughter. Passy stared at me as if I had gone mad, so I explained that I had gotten a similar but less violent reaction from General Middleton. My uniform, if that is what it was, was indeed a sight to see. The only recognizably American items in my appearance were my jump boots and my battered khaki pants. The rest of the uniform consisted of a British camouflage jump jacket and a civilian black beret with captain's bars pinned to it. (I had lost my garrison cap when I jumped in on July 9; I was so excited that I forgot to take it off, and the moment I hit the slipstream under the belly of the B-24 bomber it was whipped off my head, and no doubt became a souvenir of World War II, decorating a Breton farmer's mantelpiece.) I knew that Passy, like De Gaulle, hated Roosevelt even more than he hated Churchill, and so it was no surprise that he was not amused.

MOULIN, BY CONTRAST, made a good impression on Passy, who sent him to see the general. The result was utterly unpredictable. De Gaulle, as Marnham writes, was "a right-wing Catholic army officer, a nationalist rather than a republican by reputation facing an anticlerical pillar of the Popular Front, suspected of being a communist, a man who was said to be more of an idealist than a patriot.... Yet somehow in London Moulin seems to have fallen under the strange charm of this bizarre figure.... The most compelling point about De Gaulle, from Moulin's point of view, was his transparent love for France." De Gaulle was so impressed by Moulin that he appointed him his personal delegate to the Resistance groups forming in the Vichy zone with the task of uniting its three main movements.

Moulin was given a short course in coding and decoding and then sent to Ringway, the British paratroop training center near Manchester, where, after strenuous physical exercises, he made two parachute jumps and was ready to jump "blind," that is, without a reception committee, into France, which he did on January 2, 1942 near his country home in St. Andiol. Moulin returned to find a changed situation. In reaction to Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union, the French Communist Party had abandoned its policy of non-resistance for one of violent action, including the assassination of German soldiers, which had the effect of provoking the German execution of French hostages. The Communists also engaged in a secret program of infiltrating existing Resistance organizations with crypto-Communists, many of whom rose to positions of command.

In this confusing and dangerous situation, Moulin spent the next twelve months leading a double life as a retired prefect living at St. Andiol and later as the director of an art gallery at Nice, and also as a secret agent, traveling with false papers, to make contact with Resistance leaders, to whom he gave money supplied by De Gaulle and with whom he discussed plans

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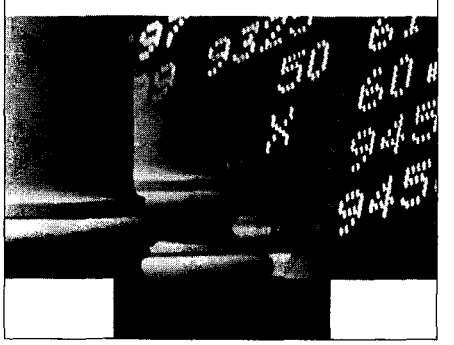

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for uniting the different organizations. (He also carried on affairs with two mistresses.) But his activities became much more dangerous when, in November 1942, American and British armies landed in the French colonies in North Africa and German troops took control of the southern zone. The Gestapo came with them, replacing the Vichy police, who had been much easier for resisters to counter, to deceive, and to elude.

MOULIN'S OBJECTIVE DURING the months between his return to France and his second visit to London, in February 1943, was to unite the three main Resistance organizations of the southern zone, but he had also made contact with similar groups in the north. He returned to London to ask for more authority, and for funding, and also to report what progress he had made. De Gaulle gave him a high decoration and approved his contacts with the north by making him delegate for the whole of France. When he returned to France he finally managed to set up, in May 1943, the Conseil National de la Résistance, with delegates from all of the Resistance groups and also from the trade unions and the political parties.

This widening of the council met with fierce opposition from some of the Resistance groups and especially from the Communists, but Moulin managed to outmaneuver them all. When the first meeting of the unified organization took place in Paris on May 27, there were eight seats for the Resistance, six for the parties, and two for the unions. At this meeting Moulin managed, in spite of vehement Communist protests, to get a resolution passed declaring that the head of the provisional government to be established after the liberation should be Charles de Gaulle and no one else. This was the moment, in Marnham's view, at which the Communists finally became certain that Moulin "was no longer responding to Moscow."

The first sign of Moulin's disengagement from the Communists can perhaps be seen in the letter that he sent from London to Pierre Cot in New York, who had sent Moulin the money that he had used to get to London, assuming that he would use it to come to New York. It is not exactly a thank-you note. It announces that Moulin has decided, after some time, not to go to America, "believing that I can serve my unhappy country better in following another path ... to each his destiny ... I regret not being able to give you my address ... but I am traveling a lot at the moment and I need some peace." All through 1942 he had kept in touch with Communist officials in the northern zone; his link with them was Henri Manhès, an old friend from his days at the Ministry with Cot and a Communist sympathizer. This was the only man, according to Moulin's sister Laure, whom he trusted completely, the one who was informed of his most secret intentions. Moulin had not only defied the Communists by adding seats to the Conseil and thwarting their attempt to curb De Gaulle's powers in the provisional government, he had also cut off their monthly subsidy of 100,000 francs. And at the meeting of the Conseil that endorsed De Gaulle's plan for armed resistance when the Allied invasion began and a halt to violent action until that time, Moulin had silenced the Communists' objections by telling them to "click heels and obey." "He had become," Marnham writes, "a patriot and a de facto Gaulliste." Marnham's next sentence is this: "Within four weeks an SS officer had beaten him into a semicoma."

IV.

FOR A LONG time Moulin succeeded in keeping the Communists convinced that he was their man, while in fact he was strengthening De Gaulle's control of the Resistance movement. This deception, worthy of the Communists themselves, was kept so secret that when Moulin was in London the second time, he had a long conference with De Gaulle alone, without Passy, who would normally, as chief of intelligence, have been present. Long after the liberation, De Gaulle was asked whether Moulin had helped him contain the Communist offensive or had exacerbated it, and he replied indignantly: "Well, for goodness sake! He contained it! Exactly *because* he had the reputation of being a left-wing prefect, and one close to the Communists, exactly *because* he had been in Pierre Cot's *cabinet*, they could not object to him. His mission was to reintegrate the Communists in the national community. He was the best for that. He was as straight as a die."

Moulin was arrested on June 21, 1943 at a house in Coluire, a suburb of the city of Lyon on the Saône river. For some months the Gestapo had been tracking and arresting Resistance leaders, and on June 9 they had seized General Charles Delestraint, commander of the Secret Army, who was eventually sent to Dachau and executed in April 1945. Moulin had summoned seven leaders to the house in Coluire to settle on a successor to Delestraint. Meanwhile the net was closing on Moulin, too. His agent Manhès had been arrested in Paris, caught with all his records and correspondence. When Moulin heard the news, he said: "Whatever happens now, I've had it." His last message to De Gaulle was a desperate appeal. "I am a wanted man now ... send me the personnel I have asked for so many times ... I beg you, General, do what I have the honor to request."

The house in Coluire contained the office of Doctor Frédéric DuGoujon, a sympathizer with the Resistance. Since there would be a steady movement of patients coming and going, it would provide good cover for the arrival of the eight *maquisard* leaders. But the house was not a good choice for a meeting in one other respect: it did not have a rear exit. Five of the eight arrived in time for the meeting at 2:15; they were shown into an upper room. (The patients were on the ground floor.) But Moulin, whom they knew only by his code name Max, did not arrive until just before three, and when he appeared, accompanied by two others, they were shown into the room for the patients. Before they could make up their minds what to do, there was a crash at the doorway and men armed with pistols rushed into the house. The Gestapo had arrived, led by the head of its Lyon office, Klaus Barbie.

Everyone present was handcuffed for the trip to Gestapo headquarters except one of the resistants, René Hardy, who, when the Germans ran out of handcuffs, was fitted with a strap buckled around his wrist, its end held by a German soldier. Once outside, Hardy pulled the strap out of his guard's hand, punched him hard in the stomach, and ran across the open space of the Place Castellane down to a ditch by the riverbank. He took a bullet in one arm, but the Germans were unable to find him. The rest of the prisoners were taken to Gestapo headquarters for interrogation, and four of them, including Moulin, were taken from there to the Fort Montluc prison. Back at Gestapo headquarters three of the eight were being beaten; and one of them, Barbie's candidate for Max, was three times dragged outside to face a firing squad. Hardy, meanwhile, had made his way to the house of a friend, but had been recognized and reported to the French police, who turned him over to the Gestapo.

As for Moulin, nobody knows when he died, or how, or where. On the first evening at Montluc, DuGoujon saw him being dragged back to his cell, his face covered with blood. Resistance leaders report seeing him in a dying condition on other occasions, once at Lyon and twice in the villa at Neuilly outside Paris that housed the officer who commanded the Gestapo in France. His dead body was later identified by a policeman in Frankfurt, and his death certificate states that he died at Metz. One thing is certain: Moulin did not break down and talk. He knew the names and the code names and the addresses of every important person in

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the Resistance, and he carried them with him to the grave.

THE QUESTION THAT has never been satisfactorily answered is: who betrayed him? How did Barbie know that Max would be at the meeting in the doctor's office? One immediate suspect was Hardy, who after the liberation was tried for the crime and acquitted. But then it was discovered that he had lied when he denied that he had been arrested by the Gestapo and released just before the meeting, and he had to stand trial again, and he was again acquitted. Marnham treats this and all the other possibilities (they have been explored in a large postwar literature), and finally he comes to the conclusion that "what is beyond doubt is that the men controlling the communist resistance had the strongest possible motives for removing De Gaulle's representative from the scene and enjoyed every opportunity to do so. Their only problem was to manage it in such a way that they would not have to take the blame." It is true that one of their own people, Raymond Aubrac, was present at the meeting, but he "could have been sacrificed to the greater good, his presence at Coluire helping to screen the identity of the informers."

After Moulin's arrest, the Communists gradually, by the infiltration of their agents into positions of leadership in the various components of the Conseil, took control of everything except the Délégation Generale, the directorate that represented De Gaulle in France. Moulin was its first head. His successor, another prefect named Émile Bollaert, lasted for six months before he was arrested by the Vichy police and handed over to the Gestapo. His successor, Jacques Bingen, committed suicide after being betrayed three months later. "The least that can be said," Marnham laconically comments, "is that it was extremely dangerous *not* to be pro-communist or a party member if one was active in the leadership of the French Resistance after May 1942, when the communists first moved into position on the Conseil."

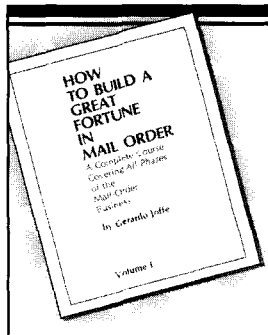
The suicide of Jacques Bingen in May 1944 was followed one month later by the Allied landings in Normandy. It was the hour for national insurrection and armed resistance, in which the Communists played a prominent role. But it was only in the central and southern areas that the Communists were in full control after the departure of German troops. Wherever there were Allied troops present, as in Paris or Brittany, the punishment of collaborators was in most cases an orderly process; but in the Limousin and in Provence, where the Communists were in the lead, the results, as Marnham demonstrates in a chapter titled "The Machinery of Insurrection," were appalling.

The Allied forces that landed in August 1944 between Cannes and Toulon moved swiftly north along the Rhône river to Lyon and then to Dijon, where they joined the armies that had landed in Normandy. In their wake the Communists began the process of *épuration*, the "cleansing" of society by punishing collaborators, especially the Milice, a French anti-Resistance movement as much feared as the Gestapo itself. But what ensued, in the absence of any civil government, was nothing less than a Communist reign of terror. Marnham's account of it casts a dark shadow on the triumph of the Resistance.

"In Marseille," Marnham recounts, "the public shaving of women started almost as soon as the first *maquisards* arrived. First the mobs attacked prostitutes, then they set on girls who had had German boyfriends, and then they shaved any attractive woman who fell into their clutches." Arrests totaled three thousand in the area, and in September an order was published that made it unnecessary to inform accused people of the charges against them. Organized murders of police officers made possible the creation of a "people's police." Torture of the accused to produce confessions took place in Aix-en-Provence, and in that same city in November, following the precedent of the Revolution of 1789—*les aristos à la lanterne!*—two Communist officials hanged three suspects from a street lamp before an excited crowd. In Avignon the "people's court," a Communist lynch mob, demanded the surrender of thirty convicted ex-members of the Milice so that they could burn them alive. When the prison authorities refused to do this, they arrested a doctor who had been accused of collaboration and tortured him to death in the street. "An eye was removed with a garden fork but they actually killed him by repeatedly jumping on his stomach." It was later established that the doctor, far from collaborating, had actually assisted the Resistance.

This is only a sample of the Communist atrocities that Marnham describes. He notes that this reign of terror did not come to an end until January 1945. He also notes that the purported objective of these Communist outrages—to eliminate the criminals of the occupation—seems to have been forgotten. The list of those who went with only nominal punishment, or completely unpunished, included two SS colonels, the commander of the local Milice, and the commander of the local French Fascist Party.

This violent "cleansing" in areas where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there were no regular Allied troops to maintain order was not, in Marnham's opinion, simply a Communist exploitation of an explosion of rage that was natural for a people long oppressed by a cruel regime. He sees it as part of a Communist plan to transform the national insurrection against the Germans into a revolution that would leave them in control of liberated France in a "people's republic." This was recognized, after its failure, by Charles de Gaulle. When he appointed a prefect for the region, De Gaulle told him that his job was "to reestablish republican order and reattach a region to France which is totally out of control." After an earlier visit De Gaulle had noted the "unhealthy atmosphere of oppression ... the Communists had established an anonymous dictatorship."

The attempt to impose a "people's republic" failed; and in any case Moscow, anxious not to have the western armies distracted from their offensive against Germany, discouraged any further attempts. And though the Communists triumphed in the first postwar election, they never succeeded in forming a government. They enjoyed the enthusiastic support of many French intellectuals for many years, but they were never again as close to attaining a dictatorship as they had been in southern France in 1944.

It is only in recent years that the full truth about the Resistance and the Liberation has been uncovered by historians, to whose work Marnham pays tribute. But it should always be remembered that this full truth is not entirely a history of intrigues, of fights for power, of betrayal. There were also thousands of French men and women who served in the ranks of "the army of the night," who lived in constant fear of capture, torture, and death as they printed and distributed their illegal newspapers or met their confederates to plan for action, who finally fell into the hands of the Gestapo and died in the torture chambers or the death camps. They were the real heroes of the Resistance, and not least among them is Jean Moulin. According to Klaus Barbie, his torturer, Moulin finally managed to escape the vigilance of his guard and throw himself down the well of the great staircase at the Gestapo headquarters at Lyon, so that he arrived at Neuilly with head injuries so serious that there was no point in trying to question him. "So," runs the last sentence of Marnham's shocking but inspiring book, "like ... so many other French men and women, Jean Moulin ensured his own silence, preferring, in the customary phrase, 'to die for France.'" ■

My Unfunny Valentine

By DAVID THOMSON

Deep in a Dream: The Long Night of Chet Baker by James Gavin

(Alfred A. Knopf, 416 pp., $26.95)

IN THE EARLY hours of a May morning in 1988, a body was found on the street outside the Hotel Prins Hendrik in Amsterdam. Its skull was crushed from having landed on a spiked post; the body seemed to have fallen from a window of the hotel. Later there was some dispute: had the man fallen or jumped, or had someone even pushed him? This is a book about dementia, hallucination, and drug trance, and so I am inclined to confess that I think it may have been me—or someone who had read the whole of James Gavin's book and followed the long, long night to its bitter, entirely predictable, yet endlessly delayed closure. I don't want to be unkind, and in this case it was surely mercy if some angel gave the man's frail back a tender, guiding push. We are talking about Chet Baker, after all; and, as many people attest in this book, he had been dead for years already.

Not that this truth had turned many people away from the living legend, and that now is the point of the whole thing. If you treasure Chet Baker, if you have all his recordings of "My Funny Valentine" and "Let's Get Lost," and if you revere the desperate effort to hit flat notes, to stretch more paining pauses, to disappear into the ether, then buy this diligent book, but do not read what I have to say about its subject. I have enormous admiration for the stoicism of James Gavin in sticking with his subject. He cannot always keep out of his story his own natural horror at the mess called Chet. And he must know the monotony of these hundreds of pages in which the trumpet player shoots up once every paragraph, and takes longer and longer to get through "My Funny Valentine."

Gavin has done his research, seeking out those left alive in Baker's toxic wake. He has coaxed the grim stories from them, the tales of the wicked seductive angel not content to destroy only himself. Baker was out to bring everyone down. It would not surprise me if—just to get through the labor—Gavin needed an hour or so every night listening to something as cleansing, explosive, and hopeful as Louis Armstrong, Lee Morgan, or Clifford Brown, or anyone who knew how to pick up a trumpet and blow, as opposed to using the instrument to enlarge an exquisite, maudlin, and grisly sigh. No, I do not like Chet Baker, but I honor the patience, the method, and the fidelity of James Gavin's book. We will see how many people can get through it.

CHESNEY HENRY BAKER was born in Yale, Oklahoma on December 23, 1929: a bleak place, an inauspicious time. The father was weak, alcoholic, a failed musician; the mother was manipulative, devoted to little Chettie but likely to turn on him for disappointing her. The boy had a knack for singing sweet sentimental songs before his voice had broken, and the mother found the shy drone so pretty that she dragged him to local talent shows. The mother thought that it was cute to have the child singing sexy lyrics. Other children called him a sissy. What did this mean or do to Chet? Well, go easy on the meaning. As one later girlfriend noted: "You gotta realize, Chet was not that intelligent. He did not know what he was doing, on that level, ever. He just did it."

Later in the book it will be observed that Chet really had only two things in life: playing the trumpet and doing drugs. He noticed or registered very little else, and though he craved a certain kind of adoring female company—women he could beat up sometimes and share heroin with—he was essentially unaware of their lives or their needs. That may have been hard, but it was hardly unfair, for he had no real life of his own. Indeed, he threatened suicide and lived as perilously as he could, not just by constantly using drugs but by choosing to drive at reckless speeds any car in which he found himself. You have to wonder

DAVID THOMSON's *The New Biographical Dictionary of Film* will be published by Knopf in October.

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whether, with a few more smarts, he wouldn't have managed an early death. If Chet Baker had died in, say, 1955—James Dean died that year, and he was only two years younger than Baker—then the musician's legend would now be close to untouchable. Maybe it is a lesson in how providence preserved Dean from his own confusion or boredom.

The family moved to California as war loomed, and Chet seemed like a bright kid. He was a good athlete, and when he acquired his first trumpet in 1943 he showed (without any lessons) a rare, mindless talent. He could hear a tune and copy it. At Redondo High School he got into the band by turning up and listening to the audition piece from Glinka's *Ruslan and Ludmilla*. "It's the most incredible thing," said the first trumpeter. "The first time through, the guy hardly played a note. The second time he cut my ass. But the worst thing is, he never once pushed the right valves down."

Not that this odd skill drove him. By 1946, he was a difficult kid, flunking out of school, a pin-setter at a bowling alley, a boy known for driving cars wildly on the beach and having girls in the backseat. So he joined the Army, and got posted to Germany. In fact, he re-enlisted after a first eighteen-month tour, and then got out on the grounds of being psychologically "unadaptable." Much the same verdict covered his first marriage, to a forlorn pick-up named Charlaine. So by 1952 he was on the loose, a bit of a doper already, a conniver, with a front tooth missing that hurt his technique, but still this phenomenal moony romantic trumpet player. Another musician watched him and heard him and remarked: "I've never been around anybody who had a quicker relationship between his ears and his fingers. I believe Chet was kind of a freak talent. There's no figuring out ... where he learned what he knew."

That speaker was Gerry Mulligan, who was set to launch Baker on the three unmistakably great years of his aimless life. These years are also, not surprisingly, the high point of this book, a vivid, exhilarating, but ironic account of the great shining moment of West Coast jazz. (Gavin does so well with it that I suspect he could handle and enjoy a life with less monotony and more energy than little Chettie's.) Mulligan was white, insecure, pretentious, desperate for respect, and nearly as ponderous as his chosen instrument, the baritone saxophone. But he had ideas, one of which was a pianoless quartet. Mulligan heard of Baker because the trumpeter had shared a date at the Trade Winds Club in Inglewood with the declining Charlie Parker: a weird pairing, the broken genius and the magical amateur. The event was much decorated by Baker in later stories; but on the recording of the date he is evidently out of his depth, though learning.

Anyway, Mulligan hired Baker into an all-white quartet that tended to play shuffling, romantic versions of standards with a hushed, husky intimacy. They seemed to be recording into the bottom of a glass more than into a mike. Yet the result was a sensation: best-selling records, dates everywhere, girls lining up at the club's back door, heroin. It was all as white, druggy, and stricken as Marilyn Monroe's blonde hair in her last years. Listening to the stuff again, I think the best to be said for it is the sweet simplicity, and the degree to which Baker's striving, plodding sincerity is a large part of the musical effect. He was trying, in the way we all try to sing in private. He had a cunning skill at copying things that he heard, but technically he was hobbled, and close to idiotic if he risked more than teenage dreaming.

BUT THEN THERE was the way he looked. Truly I think that the Chet Baker story was, from start to finish, based on his appearance. He was pretty, he was handsome, he was cute. If you know actors of the time, he had a little bit of Dewey Martin, Ricky Nelson, and Tab Hunter. And he had one of those pronounced jaws that boxers love to hit. It looks like hewn rock at first, but killer fighters know that the chin is made of glass, or confectioner's custard. In other words—and I think this is vital to all of Baker's life—his look held extraordinary hints of strength and weakness. Girls were drawn to him in hordes, and so were gays. For that latter section of the crowd, there was no doubt about what was "funny" about the valentine—though Baker seems to have been as vigorously homophobic as 1952 itself. Gavin finds no evidence of homosexual relationships, though he seems to guess that many men were drawn to Baker and enthralled by him based on very mixed emotions.

At first, that was secondary. Gerry Mulligan (who fancied himself a ladies' man) was miffed that the girls wanted Chettie's autograph on their album covers. And those first records were an international fad. Gavin marvels that they seem to have sold no more than ten thousand copies each. That doesn't seem right, and I would politely propose further inquiry into the files of Joe Glaser, Baker's manager then, and the man who carried Louis Armstrong through his great career on an easygoing fifty-fifty basis. But Baker never noticed such things. The money went through him as fast as the smack. He never practiced and he never rehearsed; he never learned how to manage a group and pay the guys and do the taxes. His fiscal sense was no more or less than needing a quick twenty for a fix before he could play.

YET THE IMAGE was his guiding light. Early on, a young photographer and jazz fan named William Claxton took some pictures of Baker. It was only as the photographs developed, swimming into life in the tray, that Claxton saw what he had:

> Without the photograph Chet was sort of a nice-looking, athletic guy; he kinda looked like an angelic prizefighter. He had one tooth missing, so he looked a little dopey, and a sort of fifties pompadour in his hair, but then you put him in front of a camera and he became a movie star. He knew instinctively what to do ... he could concentrate on his music and still turn into the light, away from the light and all that, knowing that he was being photographed. So I think he was very, very shrewd.

Claxton erred in only one detail. There were a few attempts to put Chet in a real movie. The problem was that he could not move, talk, or act. He was an Adonis of the still photograph. (Again the comparison with Marilyn is interesting, for she had a radiance when she was still, a self even, that she often lost in movement.)

Claxton posed Baker with a new girlfriend named Hallema Ali, and the pictures became icons for an age edging into a kind of sexual ambiguity that it could not yet explain. The record sleeves and their images of Chet Baker were essential to his success and his cult. He was a star in that he was pasted up on kids' walls. And it was that personal stardom that encouraged the looniest tune of all: *Chet*

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Baker Sings, that sublime contradiction, and the ultimate protection for his fragile technique and his limited repertoire. He could not sing, of course, and this was quite different from his genuine, if narrow, range on the trumpet. When he sang, though, he was the voice of every aspiring adolescent. It was the sound of wanting to be Chet Baker. It was like Bill Clinton wanting to be president.

There was another thing to be said about this West Coast jazz, and its projection of a few white kids as symbols for the age. There, in the early 1950s, it spelled out a degree of racism that must have been ruin for so many great black musicians, some of them with a talent, a character, and a passion that daunted little Chettie. It was said to have been one of the reasons why he needed so much smack. If you want one piercing detail of that tendency, the statistic that explains why great blacks couldn't get work, try this: in the 1955 poll of readers conducted by *Down Beat* magazine, Baker won with 882 votes, while Clifford Brown, dead very soon after in a car crash and a genuinely magnificent artist, scored 89 votes. It is rather like preferring Danny Ainge to Magic Johnson.

Smack was only a half-step behind the beguiling light of the photographs, and it was the fate of many jazz musicians of that era. Gavin is very fair on the ways in which drugs came as a natural aid to the unstable touring life of the musician. I wish he (and other people) had noticed, though, the odd way in which jazzy inspiration is automatically linked to drugs, while the transcendence or the concentration or the "zone" of great classical musicians somehow seems to avoid such things. Of course, the legend fosters the reality, and just as the jazz life had managers such as Joe Glaser and groupies such as the chicks who gaze at Chettie in photo rapture, so it had suppliers and dealers, and also the larger vacancy of mind that believes that drug-taking is a freedom instead of a prison.

Gavin is just as clear on the way heroin is like sex or guns or language: it reflects the nature of its user. Stan Getz and Art Pepper (white, too, and pretty good-looking: Getz was once called the Montgomery Clift of the tenor sax) were both heroin users. And with both of them you may hear the drug in the sheer ecstasy of the music. I hate to admit it, but I suspect that they played better because of it. Getz in the early 1950s, his worst days as an addict, is chronically inventive, elegant, and energetic. Chet Baker used drugs, I think, to mask his limitations as a musician.

He was in serious trouble by 1955. It was in that year that his friend and co-player, the pianist Dick Twardzik, died of an overdose. He was found in a Paris hotel, bright blue, with the needle hanging from his arm. Gavin explores this event in powerful detail. The two men had been very close: some speculated that if there ever was a gay episode in Baker's life, Twardzik was it. Moreover, it is possible that when Twardzik overdosed, Baker abandoned him, ran away, did not go for help, did not want his own career put in jeopardy. There is no proof for such callow behavior, but no reader of this book can come away struck by Baker's moral courage. There are all too many instances of his sudden, chilling indifference to people who had been close to him. There were some who felt that Baker's lavish mourning for Twardzik was a sign of guilt, and one more reason for plunging deeper into heroin.

COURTESY ALFRED A. KNOPF

Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker, 1957

There were always Chet Baker fans able to separate the "art" from the life. They said to themselves, and to him, that the ruin and the damage to others (including his own children) were offset by the beauty of the music. And there were always some people who found the keening sound of the man beautiful and important, as opposed to just unique and eerie. Gavin steers a sane middle course, and it is only gradually that a reader plucks up distaste. There is no stronger moment than when Gavin quotes the flat-out moral disapproval of Art Pepper, from his remarkable memoir *Straight Life*, which appeared in 1979. Pepper gives Baker a fictional name:

> Billy Wilson plays like he is. When I knew him, when he was young, he was a real warm, sweet, loving person. And he plays just that way. But if you listen to his tone, it never was very strong; it's pretty and kind of cracking. It's weak. And when he was faced with prison—because he got busted for using drugs—he couldn't stand it. He couldn't go because he was afraid, and when they offered him an out by turning over on somebody he couldn't help but do it. He's a weak person. That's the way he plays. That's the way he sounds.

Baker became entirely unreliable. On one date, the singer Annie Ross recalled, "he went to the loo and never came back." He was arrested and did time on Riker's Island. But thereafter he seldom got more than probation, which was a sign that he was informing on others. Withdrawing to Europe, he got in more court trouble in Lucca in Italy. And then, in San Francisco, he was beaten up one night so that he lost his teeth. Again accounts vary, depending on how people viewed Baker. (It is striking that hardly anyone ever thought to trust anything he said.) He claimed that a gang of blacks jumped him in the Fillmore district, but others believed that he had been savagely rebuked for trying to defraud his own drug dealers. It is likely he no longer really knew what had happened. But he was a physical wreck with another twenty-five years or so to go.

The pretty kid became a famous walking corpse. He lost weight. His skull shone through his papery skin. He moved and played with a fatal slowness. He sang more and more to excuse himself from playing. Yet I am sure there were nights—often in Europe—when some high, some

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upward swing in his amazing constitution, some flicker of happiness, made him play well for ten minutes. Or better than well. He believed in inspiration, and so he deserved his moments.

You could not behold this Chet Baker without imagining every terrible story of the ruin and the depravity of the jazz life. I saw him twice in San Francisco in the 1980s, playing to full houses, and many in the audience—whether they would have admitted it or not—were there wondering if they might see him drop dead. He was a "survivor," it was said; but he was also a death in progress, and the atmosphere was hideously morbid. He might just as well have shot up on the stand, for that was the secret message to the whole act.

Still, until I read this book, I never knew how hard he worked. Even in the 1980s he could be earning $200,000 a year, which was a huge sum as jazz declined. Of course, he spent every penny on smack. He was always traveling to a new date, and on many occasions he would insist on driving himself—he loved driving, and he terrified the other members of his bands who had to go along. There were women, several of them uncommonly intelligent, and they all contribute to this book, while wondering why and how they stuck it as long as they did. It is clear that Baker was a very clever, devious man, a natural seducer, and a master of cunnilingus (another part of the legend of young men with a horn).

Toward the end, his other lover, the camera, came back. Richard Avedon did a shocking series of pictures on the living corpse, and then Bruce Weber arrived in 1987 to make a lovely and fatuous documentary film called *Let's Get Lost*, the fascination of which is undeniable, even if you want to wrap both the camera and its subject in shrouds. For there is a stardom, too, in being a ghoul. This helps to explain the worst part of the whole thing. As a man and as a musician, Chet Baker had settled for the ennoblement or the glamorization of self-pity. You can see why that worked for him. He was weak, and he made weakness seem beautiful. But years later, having grasped the curiosity of the man as a musician, do we still have to be as feeble and as necrophiliac as those *Down Beat* voters?

I have a final point. I do not mean to suggest here that white people cannot play jazz. I have praised Stan Getz and Art Pepper, and there are hundreds of others I might have mentioned. Baker, in my view, could not play jazz, and did not play it. He did torch songs on dead batteries. And I think that there is a link to his regard for blacks. He was an Okie and to the end of his days he seldom chose, or enjoyed, black sidemen. More than that, he felt overshadowed by the force in black music. There is a fabulous passage in this book in which Gavin tells how Baker was routed in a perverse double-billing with Miles Davis in New York in 1954. It was not a fair fight, and I daresay its humiliation affected Baker all his life. But he never got over the way in which life was not fair, whereas that harsh truth is the condition that inspired jazz to make up its music, just as it is the drive that makes the blues blue. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

continued from page 4

$360 billion per year at the federal level on health care through Medicare, Medicaid, and the Children's Health Insurance Program, the government's interest in trying to prevent needless illness and death from obesity is kind of simple.

Ira R. Allen
Director of Public Affairs
Center for the Advancement of Health
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

As a major advocate and architect of using legal action against the problem of smoking, I think some of the tactics that are so effective against smoking could also be useful against obesity. I helped bring a class-action lawsuit against McDonald's for failing to disclose the fat content of its French fries, which is now being settled for more than $12 million. Already two additional corporations are facing class-action lawsuits for tens of millions of dollars for substantially understating the fat and calories in their diet ice cream and diet snack food. Fast-food companies could soon face similar suits for failing to disclose in commercials that some of their meals contain many times the recommended daily allowance of fat. Obesity is a public health epidemic that costs the U.S. economy more than $115 billion per year. Nonobese taxpayers pay much of this unnecessary cost in the form of higher taxes, higher health insurance premiums, etc. As with smoking, health advocates may increasingly be forced to turn to the courts if legislatures continue to do little or nothing about the problem.

John F. Banzhaf III
Professor of Public Interest Law
The George Washington University Law School
Washington, D.C.

Blue planet

To the editors:

In your frequent swipes at those who oppose drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR), you have rarely emphasized the difficult factual issues that underlie the controversy—like how much oil is likely to be found beneath that range; how that amount compares with the quantities that other approaches might yield; and how much wilderness would be sacrificed in order to make drilling profitable ("Green Blues," May 6). You credit President George W. Bush with imposing tough, new arsenic standards. But those standards were painstakingly developed over several years by the Environmental Protection Agency during the Clinton administration; Bush stopped them from becoming effective and relented later in the face of a political firestorm. Your claim that there is no "serious proposal before Congress or the White House that would substantially undermine" the laws responsible for the decline in air pollution is unsupported by any reference to any proposal and, given the qualifiers, suspect. You accuse Al Gore of hysteria and make much of the Democrats celebrating an unexpected, hard-won victory in their effort to stop drilling in ANWR, to which a reader is entitled to respond, "So what?" In short, you avoid the nitty-gritty in which you and your readers once delighted in favor of fluff and rhetoric.

Rabbi George B. Driesen
Bethesda, Maryland

Accounts receivable

To the editors:

John B. Judis's "Option Play" is extraordinary in its clarity and ability to illuminate the complexities of accounting for stock options (May 6). Judis's insightful comment that "[t]he real Enron scandal ... is the policies that allowed the company to perpetrate its fraud" is, exactly, the rub. Many accountants have long realized that executive stock options are a gigantic rip-off of the investing public. Why should we need sophisticated tax-avoidance schemes and off-the-table compensation to motivate executives? One would have expected that the perfidy of Enron would focus so strong a light on the underlying compensation schemes that they would be instantly snuffed out by the gasp of an outraged Congress. That the Levin-McCain bill, weak as it is, should have trouble gaining support from our president and passage in Congress is a sad commentary on our lack of collective will to reform.

Philip M. Piaker
Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus
Binghamton University
Binghamton, New York ■

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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Power Trip

In 1990 we became the first people in our neighborhood to drive a Lexus. We drove it happily until a few months ago, when the transmission was about to give out. We considered buying another Lexus—there are thousands of them in Cambridge these days—but it is now a much larger automobile and, unsurprisingly, much more expensive. I am not a car nut. I have never so much as held *Road & Track* in my hands, not even once. Still, I had heard of the new Toyota Prius (pronounced *pree-us*). The Prius is described as a hybrid, which is to say it runs on both battery-powered electricity and on gasoline. But it's not the kind of electric car that requires you to charge (and recharge) the battery by regularly hitching it up to an electric outlet for hours. With the Prius, the battery is powered by the gasoline in a seamless and noiseless process that you're aware of only because there's a little screen on the postmodern dashboard that tracks which of the two energy sources is at that particular moment actually running your car.

I hadn't thought of myself as a Toyota driver. But then I remembered that it is Toyota that makes the Lexus; and with that one whish of upwardly mobile free association, all of my snobbish inhibitions evaporated. We are now the first in our neighborhood to drive a Prius (although we see plenty on the roads). The car is by no means a Mini. It is probably a true compact; but it feels more capacious. On the other hand, it is not a big klutz either, and it certainly isn't an SUV (Saudi Utility Vehicle). It is comfortable, front and back, with every convenience imaginable, including an easy-to-read and very up-to-date dashboard. The trunk is about as large as the one in my commodious old Lexus. The radio and CD sound system is excellent. The car goes from zero to 60 in no time, and it cruises effortlessly at more than 20 miles beyond almost every state's speed limit. Beware! Its most obvious physical feature is an unusually large windshield that gives both driver and passenger an intimate connection to the environment through which they are traveling. We paid $21,000 for the car (not bad in an era of falling stock prices). And the Prius gets about 45 miles per gallon on the open road and 52 in city traffic. Almost no other car boasts these numbers. And this, too, represents a real savings in a downward economy, at a time when one gallon of gas costs $1.41.

But getting between 45 miles and 52 miles to the gallon is also a patriotic triumph. It loosens Saudi Arabia's stranglehold over U.S. foreign policy; and it lessens the succor we give Iraq—while at the same time threatening to invade it—by buying 1.25 million barrels of its oil every day. The Saudis know that as long as we consume 7 billion barrels per year (4 billion of them imported from abroad), they have us by the short hairs. This is one big reason Saudi Arabia has been so unwilling to cooperate in what should be our joint war against terrorism. They know we think that we can't afford to push them too far and too hard.

Over the last decade the costs of this American weakness have mounted. When Iraq invaded Kuwait, Bush père and his Saudiophile cohort rushed to protect Riyadh, and they took pains not to infringe upon the kingdom's sensibilities in the process. A Saudi prince was even designated co-commander of the allied troops. The Saudis were happy for the United States to keep Saddam Hussein off their soil. But, once that self-interested goal was achieved, they began to prattle about the need to maintain stability in Iraq, which to them meant maintaining Saddam's rule. As a primary member of the Gulf war alliance, the kingdom wielded an effective veto. And in any case, then-Secretary of State James Baker and then-Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General Colin Powell weren't hard to persuade. So our armed forces never approached Baghdad.

At the time, few in the United States bothered to ask why the Saudis did not want the tyrant to fall. They knew that Iraq is not a nation-state but a figment of the post-World War I colonial imagination—an imagination personified by the British foreign servant Gertrude Bell, about whom Merchant Ivory Productions might make a brilliant movie. She installed a Sunni as king, and Sunnis have been ruling Iraq ever since. (See Elie Kedourie's relentless narrative of brutality, "The Kingdom of Iraq: A Retrospect," in his scholarly collection *The Chatham House Version, and other Middle Eastern Studies*.) Ever since the 1958 revolution, Iraq's rulers have not been the royals and the effendi, but rather Marxist colonels gone mad. But they have remained Sunnis—a group that comprises barely one-third of the population of Iraq—and, like their monarchical forebears, have brutalized the more numerous Shia as well as the Kurds. And the Saudis want to keep it that way. For the Iraqi Shia live near the border with Saudi Arabia, where another Sunni government persecutes their brethren. So, the next time you read or hear about someone's concern that Iraq remain intact, realize that what they are really advocating is the continued oppression of Iraq's (and Saudi Arabia's) Shia—as if that were obviously in America's national interest as opposed to simply Riyadh's. The problem, of course, is that Saudi influence in the United States runs through so many channels that it is sometimes hard to tell the difference. An article by Rod Dreher in a recent issue of *National Review* describes the invidious sway former American ambassadors to the monarchy wield over U.S. policy. They are the courtiers who convince Washington's pundits that the Saudis are moderates. They have even convinced Riyadh to call for democracy in Palestine—as if Crown Prince Abdullah knows anything about the topic.

Which brings me back to my personal protest against Saudi power: the Prius. It is a simple proposition. Every gallon of gasoline your car doesn't consume is a gallon we do not have to import from Riyadh. And not using that gallon and the many hundreds or even thousands they end up amounting to over time is an act of practical civic virtue. I wish one of the U.S. automobile manufacturers had succeeded in this patriotic initiative first. It's clear that hybrids are the future of the automobile. Everybody in the industry knows it; and Ford, at least, has spent millions inventing alternatives to the internal combustion engine—just like Al Gore said they should and would. But American car companies are a bit slow, and the hybrids still haven't caught on with the oil-guzzling public.

So Detroit and the American public have left the innovations to Japan. The Japanese economy is in trouble for many reasons. But, as Toyota has shown, being insufficiently visionary in understanding the future of automobiles is not one of them. For the sake of our economy, our environment, and our foreign policy, let's hope the United States catches on.

Martin Peretz

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ANTI-SEMITISM.
It's not a HISTORY LESSON.
It's a CURRENT EVENT.

Part 3. Old Hatreds in New Forms in Europe

It is not yet 60 years after the murder of 6,000,000 Jews in the Holocaust, and once again we see anti-Semitism coming back strongly in Europe.

This time it is fueled by the virulent anti-Semitic campaigns being spread throughout the Arab world and spilling over through some immigrants and the new media into France, England, Belgium and other countries.

Daily attacks on Jews and their institutions are taking place in France while the government looks the other way. Leading French media are filled with stories slanted against Israel, further heating up a climate in which leadership of the Jewish community is virtually alone fighting anti-Semitic attacks.

In England, Christian clerics are using anti-Jewish rhetoric suppressed since the Holocaust. Not only are we hearing "Zionism is racism" and Israel is illegitimate, but also the old, destructive "replacement theology" — the notion that Judaism has been replaced as a religion.

Jews are being targeted all over again — in old and new ways — with Israel being used as the excuse this time. ADL is deeply concerned with this rise in global anti-Semitism. We have put our resources into the battle. We urge the nations of the world and good people everywhere to join us in meeting this challenge to prevent history from repeating itself.

Visit **www.adl.org** for more information.

Glen A. Tobias, National Chairman Abraham H. Foxman, National Director
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